



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07479240 3

Presented by
Mrs. Henry Draper.
to the
New York Public Library





A
Christmas Gift
to
Miss Julia Dearborn
from
her affectionate Uncle.

Dec. 25. 1832.



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE NEW
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION



Painted by R. B. Smith

Pubd 1833. By the Proprietors

Engd by J. P. N.

THE ROSE,
of Edendale.

THE
JUVENILE

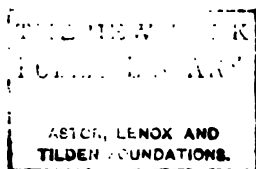
FORGET ME NOT.

EDITED BY
MRS S.C. HALL.



LONDON.
Published by RACKERMANN, Strand
—AND—
WESTLEY AND DAVIS,
Stationers' Hall Court.

1833.



THE
JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT :

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFT,

OR

BIRTH-DAY PRESENT.

1833.

EDITED BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

LONDON :

R. ACKERMANN, 96, STRAND; AND WESTLEY AND DAVIS,
10, STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

M.DCCC.XXXIII.

M 1 4



This day is published,

THE BUCANIER,

A tale in 3 vols.

By Mrs. S. C. HALL:

The scene of which is laid upon the coast of Ke
in the vicinity of London, during the latter years
Protectorate.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

LONDON:

J. MOYSE, CASTLE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

PREFACE.

THE Editor of THE JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT has the gratification to announce, that the Volume for 1833 is published under the advantages that necessarily result from a union of interests between Mr. Ackermann and Messrs. Westley and Davis.

The work thus, for a sixth time, confided to her care, will, she trusts, be found to sustain the opinion that has hitherto led to its success.

She has desired to manifest her grateful sense of the support she has received by renewed exertions to provide instruction and amusement for her young friends, at a season when it is again her pleasant task to wish them "a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year."

A. M. H.

59, Sloane Street.

A POETICAL PREFACE.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

THERE'S not a scribe, of all the craft,
 Half so ill-used as I —
 Compell'd each coming year my hand
 At prologues thus to try.

'Tis very hard — I'm at a loss
 To guess the cause, I vow ;
 Unless, perchance, they think I make
 A very graceful bow.

There's ACKERMANN, for many a year,
 Has drawn upon my Muse ;
 (Would he but draw on COURTS instead,
 His drafts I'd ne'er refuse.)

Now, from a distaff, o'er my head
 There floats a Cachmere shawl ;
 And I a new commander hail
 In Mrs. S. C. HALL.

Long may that stainless banner wave !
 And loyal knights and true
 Shall flock where'er it courts the gale,
 Her high behests to do.

Meanwhile, a 'squire of low degree,
 Like one in feudal ages,
 I hasten thus to marshal in
 My lady's *pretty pages*.

Nor shall I, when my task's perform'd,
Unguerdon'd be, I trow ;
Since those who never read my rhymes
Before, will read them now.

Well, after many an hour of toil,
Our work, at last, is done ;
And here behold two " Juvenile
Forget-Me-Nots " in one !

Erst rivals in the Annual race,
In harmony we've met ;
Our book's a sort of *union pipes*,
Or *double flageolet*.

In language more poetical,
We've here essay'd our skill,
With choicest flowers from two fair wreaths,
To twine a fairer still.

Reader ! full many a flower thou'lt find
Our moral wreath adorn,
That springs not in Life's sterile path—
The rose without the thorn ;

The nightshade's rich and regal hues,
Without the bane it bears ;
The bloom that fleets not with the sun ;
The wheat without the tares.

In riper age and graver hours,
Thou'lt think upon the rhymes
Thou readest now, and sighing say,
" Ah, those were happy times !

" Happy, ere Sorrow came to plant
The thorn, or Death to sever ;
Ere eyes that beam'd so fondly once,
Alas ! were closed for ever !

“ Ere stealing to my cheated ear
Came Flattery’s dulcet tone ;
Ere coldness fell on once true hearts,
And blights upon my own.”

Oh, my young friend ! these bitter thoughts
Will come with Time’s advance,
Surely as sin and sorrow are
Frail man’s inheritance.

Then be thou warn’d, and early call
Upon His blessed name,
Who, for thy sake, endured of sin
The sorrow and the shame.

Whose hand, from Heaven’s high pinnacle,
Is still outstretch’d to save ;
Whose Cross is rear’d triumphantly
O’er Satan and the grave.

Implore of Him to teach thee how
Life’s tangled maze to thread,
And save thee from the snares that round
Thy erring feet are spread.

So shall, when age comes stealing on,
Those flowers of peace be thine,
Which, like the evening primrose, bloom,
To gladden life’s decline !

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE, ETC.....	i to x
Travelling on the Ice. By the Rev. ROBERT WALSH,	
LL.D.....	11
The Poet's Invitation. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.....	22
The Shamrock. By L. E. L.	25
My Dog Quail. By the late EDWARD WALSH, M.D.	28
Moorland Mary. By LAMAN BLANCHARD.....	39
The Settlers. By Miss LESLIE, of Philadelphia.....	42
The Grandmother. By L. E. L.	65
The Indian Island. By L. E. L.....	67
The First Sad Lesson. By CAROLINE BOWLES.....	98
Going to the Well. By ISABEL HILL.....	101
A Walk in a Flower Garden. By Mrs. LOUDON	103
A Girl's Farewell to the River Lee. By CHARLES	
SWAIN.....	121
Seven and Seventeen. By Mrs. S. C. HALL.....	124
The Sailor's Wife. By MARY HOWITT	145
The First Weavers. By the Rev. CHARLES WILLIAMS	152
The Ant-Eater. By L. A. F.....	170
Girls I have seen. By Mrs. HOFLAND	175
The Industrious Cottager.....	190
To a Young Brother. By Miss JEWSEBURY	192

	PAGE
The Voice of Praise. By Mrs. ABDY.....	19
Mistakes. By the Author of "Selwyn in search of a Daughter".....	19
Lady Jane Grey. By Miss LESLIE, of Philadelphia...	20
A Search after Fun. By Miss ISABEL HILL.....	20
The Rose of Eden-dale. By L. E. L.	20

✓
LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. INSCRIPTION PLATE :— Drawn by H. Corbould ; Engraved by R. Wallis.
2. THE ROSE OF EDEN-DALE :— Painted by R. Rothwell ; Engraved by A. Duncan.
3. TITLE-PAGE :— The Vignette Drawn by J. T. Parris ; Engraved by W. Greatbach.
4. THE SHAMROCK :— Drawn by L. Mason ; Engraved by A. Revel. 25
5. MOORLAND MARY :— Drawn by Miss M. Kearsley ; Engraved by C. Marr. 35
6. THE GRANDMOTHER :— Painted by A. Frazer ; Engraved by T. S. Engleheart. 65
7. GOING TO THE WELL :— Painted by Gainsborough, R.A. ; Engraved by J. Mollison. 157
8. THE RIVER LEE :— Drawn by T. Salmon ; Engraved by W. Hill. 121
9. THE SAILOR'S WIFE :— Painted by J. Hoppner, R.A. ; Engraved by C. Shenton. 145
10. THE INDUSTRIOUS COTTAGER :— Drawn by G. Jones, R.A. ; Engraved by Portbury. 139
11. VIGNETTE TAIL-PIECE :— Drawn by Harvey ; Engraved by Branston and Wright. 24

TRAVELLING ON THE ICE.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D.

D.—WHAT could have put it into Captain Parry's head to go to the North Pole on the ice, papa?

F.—Because he could approach it no other way; every attempt that was made by sailing in a ship, beyond a certain point, having proved abortive.

D.—Why did he not try to go to the South Pole, then?

F.—That had been tried also, without success. A notion had been entertained that there must exist a great southern continent, to correspond with the land found in the north; and Captain Cook, about sixty years ago, went in search of it, but he discovered no such thing. When he arrived at a certain latitude, he found himself on the edge of a vast flat sheet of ice, that extended, as he supposed, to the Pole, and over which it seemed easy to travel. If I might judge from my own experience, I should think such a

thing very practicable, having crossed the sea on a similar sheet.

D.—Where did that happen, dear papa ?

F.—I passed a winter in Russia, and was witness to the very severe effects of frost, which rendered the sea, for six months, as easy to travel over as the land.

D.—Will you tell me what occurred to you, papa, so different as it must be from what we experience here ?

F.—I arrived at St. Petersburg in November, and the weather was then not much colder than in England ; but suddenly there came a fall of snow, and the winter set in with an instantaneous rapidity. Huge masses of ice came floating down the Neva from the large lake of Ladoga, which soon adhered to the banks, leaving only a passage through the centre, where the current was strongest. Here the noise made by the icebergs forcing their way was quite extraordinary : the edges of the floating masses coming in contact with those that were fixed, raised them up into the air with a loud crash, and made such a din and tumult as to astonish strangers who are not accustomed to it. In the course of a few hours, however, the face of things was totally changed. I left this scene of noise, tumult,

a and desolation, in the evening; and when I re-
turned the next day, I was astonished at the
alteration. The broad surface of the turbulent
river was smooth, silent, and motionless, and pre-
sented a very picturesque appearance. Groves
of young pine-trees were seen in all directions,
forming avenues, which led up and down the
river, and to the banks at each side. These were
crowded with carriages gaily caparisoned, driving
along with the rapidity of wind. Here was a
group of skaters skimming about, and there
droves of sheep and cattle bleating and lowing
through the trees. In effect, an enchanter in the
Arabian Nights could not by a wave of his wand
produce a change more sudden and extraordi-
nary—the surface of a desolate and turbulent
water converted into verdant groves, and crowded
with living objects.

D.—But how came the groves there?

F.—The moment the water becomes suffi-
ciently strong to bear a burden, the bed of the
river is made the great thoroughfare for all the
people; and the police mark it out into streets
for general convenience. To this end they
go to a neighbouring wood of pines, the tree
which most abounds in the sandy soil of the
country, and they cut down as many young trees

as will answer their purpose. These they down in a heap of ice and snow, where they congeal as firmly as if they had taken root ground, and form long avenues of evergreen which remain all the winter fresh and verdant and when you look down on the river which left the day before, roaring, chafing, and boiling, you see a new and "amphibious world" beneath you smile," not only very curious but very beautiful.

D.—What kind of carriages do they use about in ?

F.—They have two—one a common sled and the other a machine peculiar to Russia: it is called a *drosky*, and is of such construction as it is impossible to describe: it resembles a grasshopper on wheels, with the driver riding on its back. In fact, the seat is a narrow ridge, on which women sit, but men walk and stride across, as if they were riding a horse. In winter, this, like all other carriages, is set upon slides, and is the common conveyance for all classes of persons. I once mounted it with a friend. I suddenly left him; and on looking about I saw him lying on his back at a considerable distance behind. He soon returned to him; and the *drosky*-man,

ing out a broom, which he carries for the purpose under his sheep-skin robe, soon whisked the snow from him; and having thus curried him down, as he would his horse, he resumed his seat, and we went on. Every day I saw some passengers sprawling on the ice, who had fallen from those awkward machines. No one is ever hurt, and it only excites laughter among the merry Russians.

D.—But you said you travelled over the frozen sea. Where was that, papa?

F.—Down the Gulf of Finland, which soon became as hard and as strong as the Neva, and presented a solid sheet of ice for several hundred miles. This frozen sea I felt a great curiosity to explore, and made an appointment with a friend for the purpose. We hired a sledge drawn by three horses, two for draught and one for ornament. The last was a beautiful animal, with flowing mane and tail, and long traces, so that he was continually prancing in a semicircle round the other two. This superfluous and ornamented horse is always used by the Russians. The weather was intensely cold, and it was necessary to wrap ourselves in double furs. We set out in the morning by the light of the Aurora Borealis, before the day broke. We passed down the Neva, and

as the dawn appeared we found ourselves launched upon the open sea, which soon presented a magnificent spectacle. All around us, as far as the eye could reach, was one uniform, smooth, transparent, glossy surface, like an immense plate of burnished glass, extending to the sky on the horizon, and as far as we might judge from appearance, even to the Pole itself. Over this we flew with the rapidity of lightning. The cold and bracing air seemed to give to the horses new life and strength, and they bounded along at the top of their speed, like Neptune's steeds—not only without fatigue, but with delight.

D.—But did not you feel alarmed at moving over the sea in so extraordinary a manner, and out of sight of land?

F.—There was something, indeed, almost awful in the sensation, which was increased by other circumstances. In the deep silence around us we frequently heard long and dismal moans, which seemed to come from under the ice, gradually increasing, and dying away in all directions, as if some spirits of the deep were confined below, and the sounds we heard were their complaining voices. This extraordinary noise has been frequently remarked by others, but no one can account for it. It has been conjectured,

however, that it proceeds from the air pent up between the ice and the water; and when the surface is pressed by any weight, it is driven forward below in various undulations. From whatever cause it proceeds, it has a very striking and solemn effect, like something supernatural. Another circumstance rather more alarmed us. The ice was frequently rent into immense fissures; and when the separation took place, the crack ran along to an endless distance, exploding like gun-shots. When we came to pass one of these, the edge we pressed suddenly sunk, and the other rose, opposed to us like the step of a stair. The idea of going down between them, and disappearing under the ice, made us at first start out of our seats; but the driver bade us not be alarmed. He whipped on his horses, and we dashed over the chasm like a hunter over a ditch. We frequently met with those fissures; but after the first we never minded them.

D.—But how did you bear the cold?

F.—At first, badly indeed, and at last it was near producing dangerous consequences. There was a keen north-west wind blowing in our faces. As the breath issued from the driver it fell upon his beard, and the hair congealed into icicles, which looked like clusters of frozen candles,

rattling against each other whenever he m his head ; every puff of the horses' breath back upon them in a shower of snow. As us, the cold produced a sensation as if St. I stan had seized our noses, as he did the dem with his red-hot tongs. The pain was act so great, that the tears ran down our faces if we were crying children, where they s in frozen drops. Presently, the pain subsi and we felt as if we had neither nose nor (In this state the driver frequently turned a and gazed at us ; and, at last, he earn motioned me to rub my companion's ch On looking at it, I perceived a livid spot, w seemed perfectly bloodless, like the colour white horse's nose. In this he had no fee and I immediately began to rub it. I soon ceived a similar spot in my face, and he retu me the compliment. In this way we went or an hour, rubbing each other, like the asse the proverb, and laughing at our ridiculous ployment. Had we not done so, however, should rather have had occasion to cry. afterwards saw several persons who had lost of their faces, by neglecting this precaution circulate the stagnated blood. Notwithstand all our care, we could not entirely prevent

process of mortification. A small portion of the skin turned black the next day, and peeled off.

D.—Did any other accident happen to you?

F.—When we had advanced about fifty or sixty miles, the sky, which had been remarkably clear and serene, became overcast with clouds, and a heavy drift of snow was forced along before the gale. In a moment all trace of our way was lost, and we knew not on which side to direct our course, as we had no compass with us, and the place of the sun was entirely obscured. It had before happened that travellers crossing the gulf were thus bewildered, and wandered on till they came to the extremity of the ice, where the sea had not been frozen on the Baltic, and so had disappeared over the edge. We had no alternative but to stop where we were, and wait till the drift passed over. It might, however, continue, as it often did, for days; and then we should be found, as others had been, frozen to death. In the midst of these not pleasant reflections, the horses suddenly pricked up their ears, neighed, and began to move off in a particular direction: presently, we could hear the faint and distant sound of a bell, which the more acute senses of the horses had caught before we perceived it. We now set off at a rapid pace in

the direction of the sound, which every became more distinct; and at length we at a solitary log-house, erected on the ice we found a large bell, supported on a staff, a soldier tolling it as loud as he could sound : in the house adjoining was another, who had prepared a fire and refreshments.

To obviate the danger of such snow-drifts experienced, the Russian government erects houses, at different intervals, over the ice in Finland, as soon as the ice becomes permanent, and in front of each is a bell. When the air is so obscured by snow that no light or any other such mark, could be visible to the eye, the only signal that can be communicated to guide a traveller is by sound. As therefore, as the drift comes on, the authorities have orders to toll all the bells, which are placed, that a passenger, crossing the ice, may always be within hearing of some one, and so make his way to it, guided by the sound, which is generally heard at a great distance on such a surface; and thus, on the frozen sea, as on the frozen Alps, there are good bye-words. St. Bernard, who watch over the safety of a bewildered passenger, and snatch him from destruction.

D.—But did you remain in the log-house, papa? I think I should be afraid to leave it.

F.—In a short time, the snow passed off, and the day became again beautifully clear and fine, as, indeed, the weather almost always is during the Russian winter. We therefore proceeded on to the island of Kronstadt, where we dined. From thence we crossed the gulf to the southern shore, where we landed at moonlight, having passed over a region as novel as it was delightful, satisfied, in our own minds, that a journey to the Pole might be performed with perfect ease over the ice, provided it continued clear and unbroken, as we found it; and there was more reason to expect it would be so in those high latitudes, than in a lower and more temperate region.

THE POET'S INVITATION.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

So, thou wilt quit thy comrades sweet,
 Nith's fountains, sweeping grove and ho
 For distant London's dusty street ?

Then come, my youngest, fairest, come
 For not the sunshine following showers,
 Nor fruit-buds to the wintry bowers,
 Nor ladye-bracken to the hind,
 Nor warm bark to the tender rind,
 Nor song-bird to the sprouting tree,
 Nor heath-bell to the gathering bee,
 Nor golden day-light to sad eyes,
 Nor morn-star shewing larks to rise,
 Nor son long lost in some far part,
 Who leaps back to his mother's heart,
 Nor lily to Dalswinton lea,
 Nor moonlight to the fairy —
 Can be so dear as thou to me,
 My youngest one, my Mary.

Look well on Nithsdale's lonely hills,
 Where they who love thee lived of yore
 And dip thy small feet in the rills
 Which sing beside thy mother's door.

There's not a bush on Blackwood lea,
On broad Dalswinton not a tree,
By Carse there's not a lily blows,
On Cowehill bank there's not a rose :
By green Portrack no fruit-tree fair
Hangs its ripe clusters in mid-air,
But what in hours not long ago
In idling mood were to me known ;
And now, though distant far, they seem
Of heaven, and mix in many a dream.

Of Nith's fair land limn all the charms
Upon thy heart, and carry
The picture to thy father's arms—
My youngest one, my Mary.

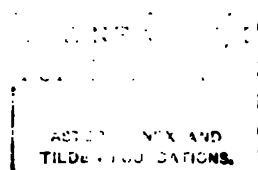
Nor on the lovely land alone

Be all thy thoughts and fancy squandered ;
Look at thy right hand, there is one
Who long with thee hath mused and wandered —

Now with the wild bee 'mongst the flowers,
Now with the song-bird in the bowers ;
Or plucking balmy blooms, and throwing
Them on the winds or waters flowing ;
Or marking with a mirthsome scream
Your shadows changing in the stream ;
Or dancing o'er the painted ground,
Till all the trees seem reeling round ;

Or listening to some far-heard tune,
Or gazing on the calm clear moon.
O ! think on her, whose nature sweet
 Could neither shift nor vary
From gentle deeds and words discreet—
 Such Margaret was to Mary.

The pasture hills fade from thy sight,
 Nith sinks with all her silver waters ;
With all that's gentle, mild, and sweet,
 Of Nithsdale's dames and daughters.
Proud London, with her golden spires,
Her painted halls and festal fires,
Calls on thee with a mother's voice,
And bids thee in her arms rejoice.
But still, when Spring with primrose mou
Breathes o'er the violets of the south,
Thou'lt hear the far wind-wafted sounds
Of waves in Siddick's cavern'd bounds ;
The music of unnumbered rills
Which sport on Nithsdale's haunted hills;
And see old Molach's hoary back
 That seems the clouds to carry,
And dream thyself in green Portrack,
 My darling child, my Mary.





Painted by J. M. W. Turner

Engraved by the artist

Printed by

THE STAMBOCK.



VEN. SEMPERIT.

THE SHAMROCK.

BY L. E. L.

HOPE, mirth, and love, these are the bonds
That link them to each other—
Those fairy sisters who support
Their little laughing brother.
Their eyes are filled with happiness,
Each face is very fair,
And their bright heads—a day in June
Has shed its sunshine there.

Raised as in triumph on their arms,
The youngest one looks down—
He is a monarch absolute
As ever wore a crown.
There's many a king in Europe now,
With sceptre and with sword,
Whose regal will is far more curbed
Than his—that infant lord.

Ah ! other days will come than these,
Such as time ever brings ;
When fade the flowers beneath his feet,
The sunshine from his wings !
When many a bitter thought is writ
Within the altered mind,
The faithless friend, the hope betrayed,
The look and word unkind.

But what hath pining discontent
To do with this glad three ?
Who are as glad as birds that sing
Within a summer tree :
Or as the flowers that lift their heads
Upon a sunny day—
So joyous in their own delight,
So beautiful are they !

The image of a happy child
Doth link itself with all
That natural loveliness, which least
Reminds us of our fall.
Somewhat of angel purity,
Somewhat of angel grace,
Ere longer years bring shade and soil,
Are on a childish face.

Now farewell to the beautiful !
May never future years
Throw paleness o'er each cheek of rose,
Or fill those eyes with tears !
May smiles still linger round each lip,
And sunshine on each brow,
And many summers find each face
As fair and glad as now !

MY DOG QUAIL.

BY THE LATE EDWARD WALSH, M.D.

PHYSICIAN TO THE FORCES.

QUAIL was a model of canine beauty. She was a brown water-spaniel, of that kind distinguished for its almost amphibious nature and its extraordinary sagacity. She was about four feet long, and stood nearly three in height : her hair was dark auburn, and curled on different parts with a crisp and graceful wave. On her neck, back, sides, ears, and tail, it was brown ; but her bosom was of a snowy whiteness. Her head was beautifully formed, with several intellectual organs, as a phrenologist would say, finely developed. Her eye was hazel, generally mild, and rather pensive ; but when excited with sport, had a sparkle of great vivacity. It was, however, when spoken to and receiving any directions, that it was particularly animated. She then inclined her head a little on one side, and looked at you with such inquiring sagacity, that it was impossible to suppose the creature you were addressing was not endowed

with as much intelligence as yourself. Her ears were large and deeply curled, forming graceful tresses round her face, which many females might have envied; and her cheeks, though they partook of the colour of her bosom, were yet diversified with beautiful spots, so as to resemble a thrush's breast. The person of Quail was never soiled, and always looked fresh; but after bathing in the water, of which she was very fond, and then being thoroughly dry, there was a purity and glossiness in the waving curls of her white and auburn hair, though a comb never touched it, that I have not seen in the most carefully washed and dressed lap-dog.

Great pains had been bestowed on Quail's education: she was instructed by me and my brothers in every thing we supposed her capable of learning. These she acquired with extraordinary readiness, and very little severity. But the accomplishments thus taught her, numerous as they were, bore no proportion to those which natural intelligence conferred upon her without instruction. When young, the first preparatory step was, to make her perfect in fetching and carrying whatever she was sent for, both in and out of the water, till both elements were alike to her; and this seemed the foundation of every thing else.

She soon learned to distinguish what belonged to every person, and to every part of the person : if I lost a glove I shewed my hand to Quail, and she set out on a quest, searched every place in and near the house, and almost always succeeded in finding it. This she soon improved into finding, of herself, whatever was dropped, and conveying it to us. Many a pocket-handkerchief was saved in this way, which we never thought of sending Quail in search of.

If I met, out of doors, a companion who asked me to walk, and I did not wish to lose time by returning for my hat, I had only to touch my head to Quail, and go on. Our hats lay on the hall table, and Quail never failed to return to the house, select mine from the rest, and holding it carefully out of the dirt, as she had been taught, bring it to me to a considerable distance. When sent back on such occasions she sometimes found the door shut, and could not get in ; having tried in vain to obtain entrance by scratching, she then adopted another method : there was no rapper to the back door, and the persons knocking generally thumped with their fist ; this Quail of her own sagacity learned to imitate with her tail ; she turned her side, wagged it against the door, and produced

a sound which never failed to bring the people to open it, as if for some human being.

Her capability of finding lost things was very useful to us. On one occasion, I remember, I went out to shoot Rails, and having fired at a bird, I prepared to charge again, but could not find my powder-horn. This loss Quail soon comprehended, and instantly set back in search of it. My way had been through several meadows and fields, and across roads and ditches, since I had last used it: through all these she retraced my footsteps, frequently questing through the intricate crossings I had made several times over the same fields, and so unravelling the whole distance I had gone for several miles, at length found the powder-horn, and returned to me with it, after an absence of nearly an hour.

This faculty of recognising and carrying away things that had been touched by us, was used for a bad purpose, and severely compromised her character. There was an old woman who sold apples and oranges at the corner of the next street. We had a servant boy who often set his eyes on them. One day he took up an orange, and asked the price of it; but thinking it too dear, the old woman snatched it out of his hand and bid him go home. This was observed by

Quail ; and when he returned she immediately ran back, snapped up the orange, and brought it to him in triumph. When this quality was discovered, it was soon put into requisition ; and all the fruit women in the town were laid under contribution. The appearance of Quail in the market put every one on the alert ; and many a severe blow she received in doing as she was bid. She at last, however, became so sagacious that she stole quietly behind the stall, watching her opportunity, and carried off the fruit without being perceived. When we found it out, we severely prohibited the practice. Her talent in carrying things in this way was sometimes useful to the servants. We had a very old woman who was fond of snuff, but not able to go for it herself. The boy was not always willing, and he taught Quail to be his substitute. When her box was empty he put a halfpenny into it, and gave it to Quail, who forthwith carried it in her mouth to the snuff-shop ; and then, rising up to the counter with her fore-legs, she shook her head and rattled the halfpenny in the box. This was soon understood by the shopman, who took the money and filled the box, which Quail brought safely back to our old woman.

Within doors her utility and sagacity were

equally in requisition. We sat, in the winter time, in a large parlour, reading round the fire, with Quail between the legs of one of us, her head resting on our knees, and waiting for orders, either to ring the bell or shut the door, as occasion might require. On this latter duty she was often sent, as it was usually left open by whoever came in, and the room was sometimes very cold. Her method was to lift up her right fore-paw (for she had actually a human preference for the use of the right hand), and push the door forward till the lock clicked. On one occasion she could not move the door; and after sundry efforts she returned, whining in that peculiar way by which she expressed embarrassment. It appeared that the room was smoking, and the servant had opened the door to let the smoke out, and placed a smoothing-iron against it to keep it so. Quail pondered for some time on the case, with her head on one side, when, as if the cause suddenly struck her, she ran at the smoothing-iron, and having dragged it away, she pushed with both her feet against the door, shut it, and returned to us rejoicing, with the same feelings, no doubt, as the philosopher, when he discovered the mathematical problem. We often placed similar obstructions there, but Quail was

never again embarrassed to find out the cause; she always, however, barked at it, and shook it after she had removed it, as if to express her displeasure for the trouble it gave her.

When she found any thing that was mislaid she was rewarded, and she was not long in applying this to profit. If a knife or spoon was dropped at dinner, she always took it up and presented it to the person next to it. When this did not happen, and she waited in vain, she proceeded to the sideboard, where knives were laid, with the handles sometimes projecting over the edge. Here she waited her opportunity, and when no one was observing, slyly drew a knife forward, then let it fall with a noise, took it up, and proceeded to the next person and claimed her reward. It would be endless, to mention all the instances in which she improved, by her natural sagacity, every thing she had been mechanically taught; and there were always such traces of reasoning on cause and effect, that it was almost impossible to suppose she was not gifted, to a certain extent, with the human faculty of arguing cases in her own mind and drawing conclusions.

Her power of distinguishing persons was also very great, and decided by means very different

from the mere instinct of smell. A circumstance of this kind occurred, which highly gratified an eminent and very sensible artist. Of all the inmates of our family, Quail was most attached to my mother, who returned her good-will, and was very kind to her. She had sat for her picture, and afterwards gone on a visit to a friend for a short time; and Quail seemed very uneasy at her absence. The picture, which was a strong likeness, was sent home; and before it was hung up, it stood on the sofa where my mother was used to sit. I could not account one day for the boisterous joy of Quail in the dining-room; but on looking in I saw that she had recognised the picture, and was wagging her tail and frisking about, as she always did to express her joy, frequently looking up and licking the face—a mark of affection she tried to pay to those she was fond of. When the picture was hung up, she never failed to notice it when she entered the room, and lay for some time before it on the carpet, gazing at it intently; and this practice she continued till my mother's return, and the original quite absorbed her attention from the representation. The ingenious artist who drew it frequently declared, that he considered this recognition the highest compliment that could be paid him, and he pre-

ferred it to the most elaborate eulogy of a connoisseur.

Though the gentlest being in the world, and rather of a pensive character, Quail had a turn for humour, and really seemed to enjoy any thing droll. There was an old gentleman who had been an apothecary, but had retired from business, and his sole employment was pompously walking up and down, with his hands behind his back, swaggering a gold-headed cane, which he was very fond of displaying. Quail used to eye this cane, and in passing, frequently took it in her mouth as if she wished to pull it out of his hand. One day this propensity seemed irresistible; the idle boys were in the habit of plucking at it as he passed by, and she determined to follow their example; so she suddenly twitched it out of his hand, and ran away with it. When the old gentleman turned round, and saw the dog dragging his gold-headed cane battering along the pavement, he could not contain his rage; he followed her, calling out and scolding her; but when he came near, she again ran on, and seemed actually to enjoy the fun with the bystanders, who were laughing and shouting at the oddity of the circumstance. She at length brought the cane again to the old

gentleman, holding it up to him, and wagging her tail as if she meant no harm. This, however, did not disarm his rage; for he never afterwards met her that he did not endeavour to beat her with the injured cane.

Quail was always our constant companion, wherever we went; and though alone, we never felt so when she was with us. She was a model of kindness and good temper: she was never known to quarrel with any animal, either of her own or our species, but seemed to love every thing, quadruped or biped; even our irritable fox-cat, that could agree with no one else, never quarrelled with Quail, but often made a pillow of her side to lie on. She was never heard to growl, and seldom to bark, and that only to express her joy on recognising some person, either man or dog, of her acquaintance; and she was so gentle, that she never gnawed or injured any thing she took in her mouth to carry. She would fetch an egg from any distance without breaking it, and even meat or bread, which she would not presume to eat, unless she got leave. Of living things she was particularly tender. Hunting ducks in ponds was an amusement of which we were too fond. When other dogs overtook the bird, they generally killed

and always gnawed it ; but Quail took it by the feathers with great tenderness, and laid it at our feet, without doing it the smallest injury.

Infirmity at length stole upon poor Quail, and she died at an early age, like one of those extraordinary human geniuses, whose frames are delicate in proportion as their mental faculties are acute. We all regretted the loss of an affectionate friend, whom we considered almost as one of ourselves, and who had endeared herself to us by so many fine and amiable qualities. I send you this account as an epitaph on her memory.

142
ATIONS.

MOORLAND MARY.

By LAMAN BLANCHARD.

MAID of the moorlands, rambling girl,
 Thy lot—though lone and drear, perchance,
 It seemeth unto those that whirl
 Their hours away in Luxury's dance,
 And leave the flowers, to dive for pearl,
 And make their lives one feverish trance—

Thy natural lot is happier far,
 Far richer in all natural treasures,
 Than theirs who scorn it often are—
 Thou heir to nature's purer pleasures,
 Companion of the sun and star,
 Fond dancer to aerial measures !

Two little damsels once I knew,
 Two maidens born among the moors ;
 And as their infant lifetime flew,
 Came Joy, and opened wide her doors ;
 And, linked in sweet affections true,
 They played upon the grassy floors.

And every lengthening blade of grass
Grew in their eyes more greenly there ;
The wild-bird's note scarce seemed to pass—
Their answering hearts renewed the air :
And then they sought the brook's clear glass,
And laughed — to see how like they were !

At length, when they were seven years old,
Unto the hut that gave them birth
A lady came, clad all in gold,
And gems, and silks of precious worth ;
And when her purpose there she told,
Dim, dark, was all their sunny mirth.

She came to part what love designed
To grow together—nurslings rare
Of nature, who their hopes had twined,
And mingled like the rainbow'd air.
Now one is gone—one left behind—
Most sweet delight—most sad despair !

And she, the moorland maiden, torn
From nature—she is sent to school ;
Her spirit, of its wildness shorn,
Is chained by prudence and by rule ;—
Forgets she her who stands forlorn
To see *one* face within the pool ?

Ah! can it be? Years glide apace,
And she is taught what ladies learn;
She loves to see her *own* fair face—
All finer love hath ceased to burn.
In heart, in air, who now can trace
The rambler through the grass and fern!

She gave up peace for pride; each day
(A golden feather from Time's wing)
Brought new delights that fled away;
To each her spirit tried to cling—
The snares of art around her lay,
And nature seemed a vulgar thing.

But *she*, the untamed moorland child,
Left lone behind, Joy's gipsy daughter,
Still rambled onward, wise as wild,
And ne'er forgot what truth had taught her.
Oft, oft she sought, with musings mild,
Her sister's image in the water.

Still, as she grew, the wood, the hill,
The heavens, a happier aspect wore;
An angel-child she seemeth still,
Hoping, and innocent—and poor.
“Grow, wild-flowers,” said she, “where ye will,
I find a garden—on the moor!”

THE SETTLERS.

A DIALOGUE.

BY MISS LESLIE, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Ellen — Maria.

Maria.—Now, Ellen, let us move the sofa closer to the hearth, and let us put our feet on the fender, and talk by fire-light, till we are called into the back-parlour to tea ;—but, first, I will let down the window-curtains.

Ellen.—How comfortable and pleasant your house always seems ! It is so large and so handsome, and has so many conveniences !

Maria.—You could not have said so, had you visited us ten years since. Our house was then a log-cabin.

Ellen.—A log-cabin ?

Maria.—Yes, indeed. My father was the first settler in this place, which was then a wilderness, and is now a thriving village.

Ellen.—And did you ever live in a log-cabin ? Why, your father is now in Congress, and is considered one of the most wealthy men in the

country ; and your brothers are at college, and you have been at boarding-school.

Maria.—True : our circumstances are now very prosperous, and we have every thing that we desire ; but you can have no idea of all the privations we endured when we first emigrated from Pennsylvania. My grandfather was a wealthy farmer, but he had nine children, and at his death, when his property was equally divided, the portion that fell to each child was not very great. My father and my uncle Robert determined to improve their condition, by selling the small farms allotted to them and buying a large tract in one of the new states, where land was cheap, with the intention of removing thither and settling on it.

Ellen.—I wonder your mother consented to go to a place, which, at that time, was certainly the backwoods.

Maria.—Her love for my father, and her devotion to his interest, would have induced her to accompany him even beyond the rocky mountains, had he judged it expedient to remove thither ; and she had excellent health and spirits, and a disposition to make the best of every thing. She was certainly very sorry to part from her friends, and to leave the neighbourhood in which

she had lived from her infancy ; but, then, the objects of her warmest affection, her husband and her four children, were still with her.

Ellen.—Have you any recollection of the journey ?

Maria.—I remember it perfectly—I have a very good memory, and I often hear my parents and my uncle talk of our little adventures on the road, and the manner in which we lived for some time after our emigration.

Ellen.—I suppose you travelled in the stages and steam-boats, as our family did when we came hither, a few weeks since ?

Maria.—No: on the route *we* took, there were then neither stages nor steam-boats.

Ellen.—Then you came in your own carriage ?

Maria.—Our own carriage was our own waggon.

Ellen.—How dreadful it must have been to travel several hundred miles in a waggon !

Maria.—On the contrary, we enjoyed the journey. My two brothers were fine healthy boys, my sister Fanny was one of the happiest little things in the world, my father and mother are both naturally cheerful, and, I believe, we were all disposed to think as lightly as possible of the inconveniences which we knew to be un-

avoidable. We were accompanied by my uncle Robert, who had bought some land adjoining to my father's new tract, and who had a waggon of his own. We all loved our uncle very much, as he was the sort of person that children are always fond of—my brothers, in particular, were his warm friends and favourites.

Ellen.—But how could you be comfortable in the waggon?

Maria.—We thought ourselves very comfortable—the canvass cover sheltered us from the sun; the bottom of the waggon was covered thickly with straw; we sat or reclined upon the beds we were bringing with us; and for tables we used the tops of chests and boxes. Though the waggons were heavily laden, we had a sufficient number of horses to draw them without difficulty. The boys generally rode in my uncle's waggon, and my mother, my sister, and myself, sat in my father's, with Phillis, the faithful black woman whom we brought with us from Pennsylvania, and who is now our cook.

Ellen.—And who were the drivers?

Maria.—My father and my uncle Robert, each riding one of the horses of his own team.

Ellen.—And did they continue to dress like gentlemen?

threw a nice piece of cranberry tart on the floor and stamped on it, because I did not think sufficiently sweet; and now I was glad to eat the coarsest of coarse pies.

Ellen.—And did you always find beds in these taverns?

Maria.—No; we generally depended on those we brought with us, which we took out of the waggons, and spread on the floor, the fatigues of the day causing us to sleep soundly. On arriving one night at a tavern, we preferred sleeping in the waggons, as in the only room of the house a ball was going on.

Ellen.—A ball?

Maria.—Yes: we saw something of it, as we looked out of the waggon. The room was lighted with pine slips stuck in potatoes, in which a hole had been cut for the purpose. An old negro sat on a stone in the capacious chimney-place, playing on the banjo, which you know is a hollow gourd, with strings stretched across it; and the dancers (among whom we saw no females) were men of the roughest appearance. They wore blanket coats, and danced with their hats on their heads, and segars in their mouths. Their shuffling and stamping, as they seemed to beat

Maria.—Not always; and the farther we proceeded the fewer they became. These stopping-places were generally log-huts, called taverns. Some of them were so open that the light shone through between the logs; and they were scarcely better in appearance than large corn-cribs. At many of these taverns they had nothing to set before travellers but Indian cakes, bacon, and whisky. In the yard of one of them we saw a girl preparing green apples for pies; she laid them, without paring or coring, on a broad flat stone, and chopped them in pieces with an axe. Her mother, at a table under a tree, was preparing the paste, which she rolled with a black bottle instead of a rolling-pin. This pie-crust was made of rye-meal, mixed with fat skimmed from the bacon-pot; and, instead of sugar, the apples were sweetened with a little wild honey.

Ellen.—What horrid pies! Surely you did not taste them?

Maria.—Yes, we did — our appetites were not fastidious; and I can assure you we were quite impatient till they came out of the oven. My mother afterwards reminded me of a naughty tantrum I had at about four years old, when I

ing, they readily assented, and the daughter began to set the table, wiping the dust from the plates with a handful of leaves pulled from a tree, whose branches came almost in at the door. After supper the hunter related various adventures he had met with in the course of his profession, to which my brothers listened with a deep interest and almost breathless attention. The mother then told the daughter to go out and feed the bear. We children all followed the girl, and found a young pet bear chained to a tree behind the house : he appeared to be very tame, and played with her just like a dog, as she said, though I never saw a dog play in so rough and clumsy a manner. My brothers immediately became familiar with him ; but Fanny and I were afraid to go very near, and preferred patting the hunter's fine hound. At bed-time the family would have given up their beds to us, but we chose rather to spread our mattresses on the floor ; and as we looked up, we saw the stars through the broken roof above our heads.

Ellen.—What could you do when you found no house to stop at ?

Maria.—We depended then on the provisions we always kept in the waggon in case of emergencies, such as biscuits, cheese, dried venison,

and gingerbread ; and we had tin cups, with which, when we were thirsty, we dipped water from the springs and brooks. Sometimes, when we stopped to rest in the shade, we made a fire and cooked a wild turkey, or some squirrels, or wild pigeons, which had been shot by my uncle, who had his gun with him, or by one of the boys with my father's gun. We found a great deal of wild fruit in the woods, such as papaws, mandrakes, mulberries, fox-grapes, blackberries, and huckleberries.

Ellen.—Were you not afraid of snakes and wild beasts ?

Maria.—The boys killed several snakes ; among them a copper-head, which they found charming a bird, by fixing his eyes steadily upon it, and by some unknown power of attraction compelling the poor little thing to fly nearer and nearer, till it would have fallen into his open mouth, if Harry had not despatched him by a well-aimed stone, directed at his head. As soon as the snake fell, the bird (who had been chirping all the time in the most terrified manner) was released from this incomprehensible fascination, and flew joyfully away.

Ellen.—Did you meet any bears or panthers ?

Maria.—We saw a bear at a distance, turning

over some decayed logs in search of worms, and another rolling about in the long grass ; but before we came up, they had gone into the thicket. We got to a place where a tornado had, at some former period, torn up hundreds of trees by the roots, and they were now lying prostrate, covering the ground almost as far as we could see. We were obliged to take a considerable circuit round, as it was impossible to pass through them. They looked as if they might shelter vast numbers of wild animals ; and as we approached, we actually saw the eyes of a panther glaring upon us from under the fallen branches.

Ellen.—How dreadful !

Maria.—One day we saw a deer start out from amidst the trees a little before us ; and as he went bounding along the road, a woman who was spinning at her door ran into the cabin, and bringing out a rifle, pointed it at the animal, and immediately shot him dead. When we came up, she told us it was not the first time she had done such a thing ; and that her husband being often absent on long journeys, she was compelled, in self-defence, always to keep a loaded rifle in the house ; and that before she had taken this precaution, she was one day obliged to beat off a bear with no other weapon than a frying-pan.

Ellen.—Were you ever under the necessity of sleeping in the open air ?

Maria.—Yes, we several times camped out, as it is called, when we were unable to reach a house, and when it was too warm and close to sleep in the waggon. We then ignited some dry leaves, with sparks produced from the gun-flints, and kindled a fire against the trunk of a fallen pine-tree, which served for a back log, and was sometimes set in a blaze from one end to the other. Here we cooked and ate our supper, having with us both coffee and chocolate, which we drank out of our tin cups, after boiling it with water from the nearest brook. We spread blankets on the ground, suspending a sheet or coverlet to the branches of a tree above us, or fixing an umbrella over our heads, to keep off the dew ; and putting our feet to the fire, we slept comfortably till day-light, assured that the light of the flame would frighten away the wild beasts.

Ellen.—Did you never meet any other travellers on the road ?

Maria.—Very frequently. Sometimes we met a western storekeeper going to one of the Atlantic cities to buy goods, riding thoughtfully along on horseback, with a blanket under the saddle,

another upon it, and a great coat and uml strapped behind, and sometimes a daughter sister on another horse beside him, in a cap and riding habit. We were once much amused all day by a Yankee tin-man, who drove a little cart beside our waggon, and from which we bought a few articles of tin ware. His name was Increase Penny, and he had all the words and phrases peculiar to the lower class of Irish countrymen ; he was, besides, a very acute and entertaining fellow, and had travelled with his tin-cart nearly all over the United States. We often met other waggons loaded with settlers ; and once we saw a family that carried nearly their whole property upon a horse, on which the wife and child were perched on the top of a scanty bed, with a bag and a basket behind them ; the husband walking beside with his axe and his gun, and a cow following after.

Ellen.—Those must have been the very poorest of settlers.

Maria.—They were what are called squatters—people who, having no means of buying land, go into the new country, and establish themselves upon any unoccupied tract they find convenient. There they clear the ground, build a dwelling, raise crops, and live rent free, till the land is claimed

by the right owner, or till they hear of another place that they like better.

Ellen.—But how did you always find your way through the wilderness?

Maria.—What was intended for the road had been blazed; that is, the trees were marked by having a piece of the bark hewn off with an axe.

Ellen.—How did you employ yourselves on this tedious journey?

Maria.—We had some books with us. My mother and Phillis knit stockings, and Fanny and I made patch-work, as we sat in the waggon. When we were tired of riding, we got out and walked. The boys generally rambled on far a-head with the guns, and were very successful in shooting. In the evening, when it was too dark to do any thing else, Fanny and myself generally crept to the back part of the waggon, beside Phillis, who entertained us with long stories, of which she had an inexhaustible variety.

Ellen.—How glad you must have been when you arrived at the end of your journey!

Maria.—We were indeed, though we had not found our journey unpleasant. When we came to our own land, there was no habitation to receive us. My father had hired two men, as we

came along, to assist in cutting down trees and building a log-house; and till this was accomplished we lived out of doors and in the waggons. My father took his axe, and struck the first stroke in cutting down the first tree. My uncle attacked another, and soon levelled it with the ground: the hired men were very industrious, and sufficient employment was found for my brothers. The logs were stripped of their bark, laid on each other, and the interstices filled with clay. A chimney, with a very large fire-place, was constructed of stone, and shingles and boards were brought from a saw-mill about twenty miles distant. In a short time the house was completed. It had but two rooms, and there was no up-stairs, not even a loft. As we sat at table we looked up to the joists of the slanting roof; and as we stood in the corner of the wide chimney we could raise our eyes and see the sky.

Ellen.—What sort of furniture had you?

Maria.—We had brought with us as many articles as could conveniently be packed in the waggons; and my father and uncle (who are both very ingenious) made us some pine tables and shelves; and the boys, following their example, constructed benches and stools. Blankets and quilts were nailed up round the walls to keep

off the damp of the clay plastering. During the day we lived almost out of doors, when the weather was fine ; and we generally breakfasted and dined at a table set under the shade of the trees. Fortunately there was a spring of excellent water close to the house, which supplied a never-failing brook that ran before the door. The remainder of the season was devoted to clearing the ground for cultivation. Cows, pigs, and poultry, were purchased at the nearest settlement, and also corn, which had to be carried twenty miles to be ground.

Ellen.—And what did you generally eat?

Maria.—The first summer our food was coarse enough, consisting chiefly of bacon, Indian cakes baked on the girdle, and mush and milk ; but we had no vegetables, no wheat-flour, and no fruit but such as we found in the woods. Sometimes the boys went out with the guns, and brought home wild turkeys and other birds, and my uncle and father shot several deer. We were once put to great inconvenience for want of Indian meal, having used all we had, and the waters being so swelled by a freshet that there was no crossing them to get to the mill.

Ellen.—What could you possibly do ?

Maria.—In the yard, near the door, was the

stump of a tree, which the boys hollowed out by burning a deep cavity in it. The corn was put in this, which served for a mortar, and it was pounded with a large heavy stick, made of the branch of a tree. It was very laborious work, and we all took our turn at it. For several days this pounded corn was our only substitute for Indian meal.

Allen.—I wonder you were able to eat it.

Mary.—In the autumn, when the cold obliged us to live more within doors, we found our house rather small; but we soon got accustomed to that inconvenience. Many things that were not of constant use we were obliged to keep in the shed; and a box containing our china, and my mother's silver tea-set, remained all winter in the adjoining barn; for there was no danger of their being stolen, and we had no room for it in the house.

John. Were there no wild beasts in the surrounding wilderness?

John. We were not troubled with them in the summer. But in the long winter nights, when they were very scarce in search of prey, they frequently came very near our habitation. The noise they made was sometimes terrible, and they were often prowling round the doors and windows.

to get in. Our dogs were afraid of them, and shrunk silently into their kennels.

Ellen.—Oh ! how dreadful ! I am glad there are none in the neighbourhood now.

Maria.—We often, in the morning, found their tracks in the snow. One night, when we were all at supper, we heard a great noise like wood falling down, and running to the door, we saw by the light of the moon a large bear, who had scrambled to the top of the wood-pile, and was trying to reach the fowls that roosted on a tree which grew over it. Harry immediately ran in for a gun, and taking a very accurate aim, he fired, and the bear fell down dead in a moment, bringing half the wood-pile with him. Next day some of the bear's meat was cooked for dinner ; but we found it very coarse, and did not like it much ; the lean was like hard beef, and the fat like hard pork. The boys made wolf-traps, something like large rat-traps, and two wolves were caught in them in the course of the winter.

Ellen.—Did any Indians ever come about the settlement ?

Maria.—Often, though none lived within fifty miles of us ; but we treated them well, and always, as soon as they entered the house, we set before

them the best food we had ; and my father often purchased furs of them, which he afterwards sold advantageously. Several times two or three Indians passed the night with us, lying on the floor wrapped in their blankets, with their feet to the large fire that blazed all night in the chimney, and their tomahawks by their sides. These tomahawks they used also as pipes, the handle being hollow to afford a passage for the smoke, and communicating at the back of the hatchet with a bowl or socket which contained the tobacco. My father and uncle smoked these pipes with them, in token of friendship ; and we all took care to offer them our hands as soon as we saw them. They often brought us maple-sugar, very nicely put up in small baskets of coloured chip. We bought buck-skin moccasins of them, which we found very comfortable and convenient.

Once we had a visit from two Indian men, accompanied by a squaw, who carried on her back a little child or papoose, with its head peeping out from under her blanket. It was tied in a sort of small cradle of basket-work, made concave, that the child might fit in ; its arms being stretched down close to its sides, and confined with buck-skin bands, so that it

could not move. When the squaw came in, she stood the cradle with the infant in it against the wall, and shortly afterwards she passed a string through the handle at the top, and hung it up to the branch of a tree before the door, that the child might have the benefit of the air and shade, and be amused with what was passing in the yard.

Ellen.—We had once some old-fashioned bed-curtains, pictured all over with William Penn's treaty with the Indians; and there was on them a squaw nursing a papoose, tied in a cradle of that description. I have often, when a little girl, gazed, as I lay awake in the morning, on these bed-curtains; and it was from them I acquired my first ideas of William Penn and of the origin of Philadelphia.

Maria.—Yes, the scene engraved for this calico was taken from a fine picture by Mr. West. It would advance the improvement of children, if the practice still prevailed of selecting the devices for furniture chintz from good historical pictures.

Ellen.—Was not the Indian baby pretty? I think I could kiss a little Indian.

Maria.—I did kiss him. There was a plaything of beads and shells suspended from the top

of the cradle; but while his arms were there he could only look at it. His mother kissed him with maple-sugar.

Ellen.—Perhaps that very child will be a great warrior.

Maria.—In an opening of the woods, half a mile from our house, was a rural burial-place, where in former times a great number of Indians had been interred; I suppose according to their custom, wrapped in skins and sitting upright. All the Indians that came from twenty miles of the place, repaired to there to lament their forefathers, who had been there perhaps a century before. And they bewailed them so loudly, that we frequently heard their lamentations as far as our ears could reach, and they seemed to mourn them as deeply and sincerely as if they were their own parents who had recently died. We took care not to disturb the mound, as that would have caused us the resentment of the Indians. In place of my father and uncle frequently turned up the heads of flint, broken tomahawks, and other things of a similar description.

Ellen.—How far were you from the first settlers?

Maria.—The nearest house was a storehouse.

miles off, inhabited by a very good family, whom we thought it pleasant to visit occasionally on horseback. Here a post-office was kept; and every Saturday one of my brothers went there for the newspaper and letters. You may be sure the paper was a great treat to us all; though, by the time it reached our part of the country the news was not of very recent date.

Ellen.—In what manner did you generally pass your time.

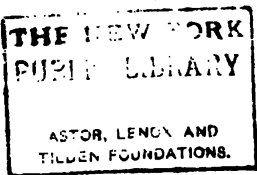
Maria.—Our time was never tedious, for we were always fully occupied. My mother, myself, and Phillis, sewed and attended to the household affairs; and little Fanny was soon old enough to become useful. My father, my uncle, and my brothers, were constantly engaged in clearing and cultivating the ground, and the soil was found to be the finest imaginable. My father, you know, is a man of strong sense, and has made the very best use of an excellent plain education. He took great pleasure in instructing us of evenings, and his method was so judicious that it was impossible for us not to improve. We had brought some books with us, and we sometimes got new ones from the store.

Ellen.—What a happy event the arrival of a new book must have been to you!

Maria.—It was indeed. My father had great success in his farming, and found it very profitable; so also did my uncle. After a while we were able to build a better house. Other settlers came into the neighbourhood; other houses were built; and eventually a town was laid out on my father's land. The place grew and flourished, and now, instead of a forest, we have a long street of good houses, and three cross streets. We have stores, a church, a market-house, a court-house, a female school, a fine hotel, several taverns, and no scarcity of lawyers and doctors.

Ellen.—And in the spot where your log-cabin once stood is now your father's large stone mansion, handsomely furnished, and replete with every thing necessary to the enjoyment of life, even unto a fine library. Your uncle Robert, making the tour of Europe, the boys are at the University, and your father is at Washington attending his duty in congress.

Maria.—Such is the career of hundreds who have sought their fortunes in the backwoods of a country, where the road to prosperity and distinction is open to all who are intelligent, industrious, and enterprising.





Alfred, King

Alfred the Great, King

Alfred the Great, King

THE GRANDMOTHER.

WHAT care they that the winter-wind
Is driving over the heath,
With a sky of murky clouds above,
And the drifted snow beneath?

The day and its labour alike are done,
And the fire is burning bright;
And that old dame hath tale and song
Wherewith to while the night.

They are happy beside that lowly hearth;
For by her love to that child,
That aged woman, 'mid care and grief,
To existence is reconciled.

His father lived as a sailor lives,
To and fro on the stormy wave;
But the wind arose one fearful night,
And the sea was the tall ship's grave.

Tidings came of the vessel's loss,
And his young wife pined away ; —
She had known but a flower's fragile life,
And she had a flower's decay.

But their mother thinks not now of the dead,
Nor of her long despair ;
For her heart is full of the joy of life,
And the boy who is seated there.

His brow is glad, and his eyes are clear,
And she sees in him revived
The buoyant mirth of those early years
Which she has herself survived.

He is as her youth returned again —
A hope bequeathed by the past ;
And affection but rivets a tenderer bond,
Because that bond is its last.

L. E. L.

THE INDIAN ISLAND.

BY L. E. L.

“ Oh, many are the beauteous isles,
 Unknown to human eye,
 That sleeping 'mid the ocean-smiles,
 In happy silence lie !
 The ship may pass them in the night,
 Nor sailors know what a lovely sight
 Is resting on the main.”

The Isle of Palms.

“ Do not tell me so ! I cannot send my children from me ; they are the only links between me and the past, and the only ties that bind me to the future. Care and skill—” But here Mr. Selwyn's voice became inaudible. Dr. Irvine, the physician to whom he was speaking, gave him no answer ; but put back a large curtain that intercepted the view of the lawn, which stretched away from the colonnade that extended round the house.

The sun was scarcely risen, and the fresh air of the morning stirred the bright branches of the many blooming and odoriferous shrubs around ; the grass glistening with dew, gigantic flowers

bright with the sunshine on their rich hues, and all open as if rejoicing in the morning; many-coloured birds flitting among the leaves;—all these made a scene which might have gladdened the heart of the mourner, and raised to their highest pitch the buoyant spirits of youth: and yet, in the midst of the lawn, beneath a young banana-tree, were two children, evidently quite unexhilarated by the freshness of the air or the cheerfulness of the morning. The one was a boy of about nine years of age. He was seated on a bough of the tree which had been trained artificially along the ground. He had been reading; but the book lay on the grass; for his arm supported the head of a little creature, about three years old, who was leaning against him, half in affection, half for support. There was something very striking, and yet sad, in the appearance of these children: they were singularly handsome and singularly alike; but the cheek might have been marble, it was so utterly devoid of colour, and the faint crimson of the lip was parched and feverish; and the pale face was more striking, from the profusion of thick black hair, and the large dark and melancholy-looking eyes. The boy seemed naturally grave and quiet; but the fairy figure and dimpled mouth of the little girl

were at variance with her present listless attitude.

"I see it—I see," said Mr. Selwyn, "they are pining away for a healthier air. In two years I can retire to England; but now, amid the many difficulties that surround us, I cannot in honour resign my situation."

"But," returned Dr. Irvine, "you have friends in England; and they are still too young to need that watchful guidance which will be so important in a few years. I dare not deceive you: Marion will not live over another rainy season—Francis you might venture to retain with you."

"I will not part them; I cannot bear that absence should weaken their now perfect affection: besides, (and do not think this weak partiality), I shall be happier for knowing that Francis is with his sister. In care and thoughtfulness he is far beyond his years; and till I myself can reach England, they shall not be parted."

Dr. Irvine hesitated for a moment: he had only performed one half of his painful task.

Mr. Selwyn stood watching from the window the pallid countenance of his little girl, when his friendly adviser broke the silence by saying,

"Poor Marion herself is my best argument to let me impress upon you the necessity of measures. Though by your side, from the moment you are really parted from them. Cameron sails next week. Can your children be in better hands?"

"Next week!" exclaimed Mr. Selwyn in a broken voice.

Dr. Irvine shook hands with him in silence and left him for the present.

To all parents such a parting would have been a trial; but to Mr. Selwyn it came with more usual bitterness. Immersed in business, weariness unfitted him for the exertion of social life and reserved in habits, to him his own family was every thing. His young wife had died soon after Marion's birth, and he had attached himself entirely to his children: he saw in them the fulfilment of the dearest love on earth, and felt that he had to be both father and mother. It was not possible not to be proud of the fine mind and generous temper of Francis; and it was equally impossible not to be enlivened by the presence of Marion. But he had for some time remarked that, unless stimulated by his presence and exertion, Francis grew more and more silent and that talking were a fatigue: his garden was

cultivated at intervals, and his mimic frigate remained unfinished. Every day, too, the music of Marion's laugh grew more unfrequent in the house; she loathed her food; and instead of the restless, dancing steps, that seemed never quiet but in sleep, she would creep to the knee of her father, and sit for hours with her languid head resting on his shoulder.

Mr. Selwyn had long felt what Dr. Irvine now confirmed—that for him there was but the choice of parting with his children to England—or to the grave. Now, for months and months to come, his hearth would be desolate—long solitary evenings, uncheered by the sweet companions now far away—no little hand eagerly put into his for his now solitary walk—and, worse than all, strangers would be winning the affections, and guiding the youthful hearts, hitherto so entirely his own. Mr. Selwyn had married young and poor, and the early years of his married life had been embittered by struggles which it was his great hope that he might spare his children. Gradually he had risen to the important situation he now held in Ceylon. Wealth he had accumulated; and, under Providence, Francis could never know the same difficulties which had embittered so large a portion of his

father's life. But Mr. Selwyn had to learn that there are miseries beyond even those of poverty, and would have gladly given all, beyond a mere competence, of his noble fortune, to have accompanied his children to England.

At length—and yet how soon!—the day came for the sailing of the *Warren Hastings*. Marion, tired out with fatigue, was asleep in her cabin with her nurse; but Frank still held his father's hand, who lingered to the last upon deck. But the boat was in waiting, and Dr. Irvine gently put his arm through that of Mr. Selwyn, and drew him away. Once more he clasped his boy in his arms; and Frank turned to his father a pale face, but a tearless eye, and said, in a low but tolerably steady voice, "You may trust me, father." The splash of the oars was heard in the water, the boat rowed rapidly away; but the effort the heroic boy had made to subdue his feeling was too much for his enervated frame, and he sank quite insensible on the shoulder of an old sailor who had approached to console him.

The young voyagers had not been a week at sea before its good effects were apparent: both recovered their appetite, and Marion's little feet seemed never weary: long before her brother's shy temper would permit him to speak, she

had made friends with every seaman on board. There are few boys but what are born with a love for a ship and a horse; and, thanks to the kindness of the old sailor we have mentioned, Frank was soon initiated into every part of the vessel, and his steps became familiar with the most dangerous parts of the rigging. But no attraction, whether of amusement or information, ever diverted his attention from his sister. His eye seemed always upon her; he would give up any employment to attend to her want or wish; he would spend hours amusing her with her box of ivory letters; and not an evening passed but her sweet voice might be heard repeating to her brother her simple prayer and hymn. Already Frank shewed a natural mechanical genius; but even the carpenter's chest and company never detained him long from Marion, and the great aim of his ingenuity was to construct some slight toy for her.

They had now been on board four weeks; and often did Frank wish his father could have seen the light step and bright eyes of the once pale and listless Marion. One evening Frank came up from the cabin, where he had been soothing his sister, who was somewhat restless with the oppressive heat, to sleep, and took his usual post

beside the old sailor, who, from the first, had made him an especial favourite. Nothing could be clearer than the atmosphere, and the sea was almost as bright and motionless as the sky. Not a single object broke the mighty stillness; no fish were visible in the clear waters; no birds in the clear air; not another bark shared the ocean with their solitary ship. No wind was stirring, the sails hung loose and motionless, and the red flag drooped heavily from the mast. The sailors shared in the general tranquillity, and sat or stood round in silent groups: the oppression of the air seemed also on their spirits. The old seaman, to whom Frank had drawn, was leaning over the side of the vessel, gazing so intently on the distance that his young companion's approach was at first unobserved; when, suddenly turning round, he said,

“ We shall have rough weather soon, Master Francis.”

The boy looked on the shining elements around as much as to ask where was the slightest sign of storm? when the sailor, answering to his gaze, pointed out a small white cloud, or rather speck, which looked as if scarcely freighted with an April shower. Francis turned pale, for he thought of his young and helpless sister.

"Why, you wouldn't be only a fair-weather sailor, would you?" and, turning round, the old man began one of those tales of tempests met and baffled by naval skill and courage, which so delighted his youthful auditor. Nearly an hour elapsed, when the narrator was called away to his duty in another part of the ship.

The small white cloud had now spread like a white and gigantic veil over half the sky, and an unequal and capricious wind was awakening the sails from their repose; and by the time the dinner-hour came, little order could be reserved among the plates and dishes, which were soon scattered by a sudden squall.

Francis had been accustomed to employ the forenoon in teaching Marion her alphabet, and to spell various small words; but to-day their studies were interrupted—neither could keep their footing a single moment; and, by the captain's directions, Marion was fastened in her cot, with a stout silk handkerchief round her waist, and the cot itself strongly lashed to the sides. It was a dismal time, for the waves now ran so high that the port-holes were ordered to be closed. Suddenly a deep and hollow sound rolled over the ship, and a faint flash glimmered through the darkness. That first

peal of thunder was like a summons; the wind rose up at once with frantic violence; peal followed peal, and flash followed upon flash; and the trampling of the hurried steps overhead told of the anxiety and exertion going on above.

Frank never for a moment left his sister, who, though too young for fear at their actual danger, was terrified at the unusual darkness and noise. A number of the men now came below; a sound of loosened chains was heard, and plunge after plunge into the waters. They had been forced to throw the guns overboard. Immediately came a tremulous crash as of the falling of some heavy mass; the mast had been cut away. Frank now fancied that the vessel seemed to reel less, but appeared to be dashing on with frightful velocity. The trampling overhead, too, abated, and the thunder ceased: it only made the fierce and howling sound of the wind more terrible. At this moment came the gleam of a dark lantern into their cabin. It was the old seaman; but his face was ghastly pale, and his features looked rigid, as if he had suffered from long illness. Francis saw no hope in his countenance, and he asked no questions.

“You have had no food for some hours: I

have brought to you, poor things! some biscuit and a slice of ham."

Marion laughed with delight at the sight of the biscuit, for she was very hungry. Poor Frank put away the offered food; his heart was too full to eat, but he clasped the hand of the kind old man, who now turned to go away; but Marion cried to go with him.

"It does not matter," he muttered; "as well above as here." He then took the child in his arms, and, Frank following with the lantern, they groped their way to the deck.

They had not been there five minutes, before an awful shock told their worst had come to pass—they had struck upon a rock. A cry of "boats! boats!" now arose; and the lanterns shewed hurrying and yet despairing groups thronging to the side.

"Come, Michael!" said two sailors rushing past.

The old man made no reply, but seated himself on a broken fragment of wood, and placed Marion on his knee. Frank immediately took his sister's hand, and drew her towards himself.

"Michael, you must not stay with us. God bless you; but go."

"Master Frank," said the sailor, "I have a

boy your age at home, and for his sake I will stay with you. God would desert him in need, if I deserted you."

The glimmer of a lantern amid the thick darkness shewed that the last boat had pushed off.

"And you have stayed here to perish;" and for the first time, Frank gave way to a big flood of tears. Michael put his arm kindly round him, and said,

"Do you remember the holy words you were teaching your little sister the other morning, 'unto others as you would they should do unto you?'"

"Yes," interrupted Marion. "He taught me too, a new hymn yesterday. I will say it to you;" and she began to repeat one of the beautiful Hymns for Children. She did not quite know it through; but the last two verses were singularly apposite to their situation.

"There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there."

“ Our lives are in His hand, and it may be His will even now to save us. Somehow, the words of this innocent creature have put hope into my heart ;” and the old sailor turned his head to the east, where a dim streak told of the coming day.

All know how rapidly the light of morning floods an eastern heaven ; wave upon wave of fire kindled the sky,—when Frank, who was looking in an opposite direction to his companion, clapped his hands, and exclaimed joyfully, “ Land ! land !” About a quarter of a mile from the wreck extended a line of coast, whose waving palms might be distinctly seen. Michael gave one look, and sank on his knees to return thanks to Almighty God for their wonderful preservation. They could now see all the bearings of their situation : the ship was jammed in between two rocks—both now visible ; the one was higher than the other, and to its raising the head of the vessel whereon they stood might be attributed their safety.

“ And the boats !” exclaimed Frank.

“ Perished ! No boat could have lived through the sea of last night,” replied his companion ; and both remained for a few minutes gazing on the vast expanse of air and water, which still bore traces of their late convulsion.

The sea heaved with a tremulous and unquiet motion, and the sky was covered with broken clouds. But there was no time for melancholy meditation; the wind, which had been gradually veering round, was now blowing fit to land, and they were obviously under the necessity of taking advantage of its direction to reach the island with all possible speed. On a rough gale would drive to fragments the fragments of the wreck, which yet, had they but kept by it, would have saved the lives of so many. A chest, with the carpenter's tools, had been lashed upon deck, and of the planks and spars scattered round they soon formed a slight raft. Great part of the ship was under water; but in the captain's cabin they found an ample supply of provisions and necessaries. Wrapping Marion in a boat-cloak, they fastened her to a large chest in the middle of the raft. The wind was in their favour, steady and gentle, and setting in directly towards the shore. Their frail launch went steadily through the water—the low sandy beach was easily gained; and by ten o'clock they had kindled a small fire, boiled some cocoa for breakfast, and Marion was asleep beneath the shadow of the knot of palm-trees which had first caught their attention, and under which it was

their earliest task to raise a tent sufficient to shelter them from the night-dews.

They soon discovered that their place of refuge was a small island, apparently quite uninhabited, and with no sign of any species of animal ; but a complete aviary of the most brilliant-coloured birds. With the exception of the little knot of palm-trees where their tent was, that side of the island was a low sandy beach, which, indeed, ran round it like a belt ; but the interior was a fertile and beautiful valley ; and Frank saw with delight tamarinds growing in great profusion — a species of the bread fruit-tree, the cocoa-nut, and some wild nutmegs ; these last, however, imperfect for want of cultivation. The ground, and all the lower branches of the trees, were covered with the most luxuriant creeping plants, whose profusion of flowers Marion was never weary of gathering ; and often, after having piled them up in heaps, she would be found asleep half hidden amid their bright and odoriferous blossoms.

The first week passed in continual voyagings backwards and forwards to the ship, when, as Michael had foreseen, a rough gale blew one night, and in the morning there was not a trace of the wreck. That very day, walking along the

coast, Frank's eye was caught by a dark mass entangled in the sea-weed: he drew it up by means of a hook. It was the gallant flag that had once

“ Braved the battle and the breeze ”

of the now perished Indiaman. He laid it carefully out on the sands to dry, and went to impart his plan to Michael.

The knot of palm-trees was on the only part of the island whose height commanded a view of the sea; yet there it was impossible for them to fix their residence—fresh water, fruits, and shelter, belonging to the other part of the island—and yet, from not being on the spot, a vessel might pass and repass unobserved; thus risking their little chance of escape. Now it happened that the most conspicuous of the palms was a young and slender tree: this Frank proposed to climb, and affix to its height the flag, which would be as striking a signal as any they could raise. Even Michael shut his eyes, as the daring boy ascended, with the aid of a sharp hook and a knife, with which he cut notches, on which he rested first a hand, and then a foot, till at length he was safely lodged amid the spreading branches at the top. He then let down a rope, with a

pebble at the end, which had been put round his middle : the flag was drawn up, and nailed to the summit in the most conspicuous manner ; and then, fastening the rope firmly, he descended to the ground in perfect safety, and, we may add, satisfaction.

The next day was the Sabbath, and was passed in rest and thanksgiving. When the heat of the day was over, they walked towards the interior of the island, and almost in the very centre found an immense banana-tree, with at least fifty green and slender pillars, forming as it were a natural temple. The whole party knelt ; and, at her brother's bidding, Marion's innocent lips were the first to teach that solitude the words of prayer and praise. While they rested, Francis read a chapter from the Bible, which was his father's parting gift ; and he can scarcely be blamed if his tears fell fast and heavy on the page.

" My child," said the old sailor, " the God who has preserved you so wondrously for your parent will restore you to him."

Frank looked up in hope and gratitude, and went to gather some tamarinds for Marion ; and by repeating yesterday's task of climbing on a cocoa-nut tree near, made a valuable addition

to their store.* Close beside, like a vein of silver, they found a pure, though small fountain; they steeped some of the fruit in the water, and with one of the cocoa-nuts, they made a most delicious meal. The moon was shining over the dim and purple sea before they regained their

* “The cocoa-nuts shot up to the height of seventy and sometimes eighty feet: we were told that a hundred feet is not uncommon, but I think we saw none so high. The fruit grows in immense clusters at the top of the stem, close up to the branches. The tree from top to bottom is surrounded by a series of rings, doubtless the traces of former circles of branches which have successively flourished, decayed, and fallen off. These rings are very distinct near the top; but lower down, the trunk becomes so smooth that the natives are obliged to cut notches to assist them in getting up, either to pull the fruit, or to tap the tree of its juice, which is called toddy by the English.

“The method used by the natives of the East in performing this feat of climbing, which is really a curious one, may be easily described. In the first place, they unite their feet, either at the great toes or the ankles, by a thong or strap about ten or twelve inches in length. This lies across the steps or notches cut in the tree, and is strong enough to support the whole weight of the body. A flax broad belt is then made to pass round the tree, and also round the man's middle, enclosing both in one ring, as it were, the body being at the distance of a foot or so from the tree. The climber commences by placing the strap which ties his feet together across the first or lowest step while he adjusts the belt embracing him and the tree so as

tent. For some days following their labour was incessant, the banana-tree seemed to be made too obviously for their home to be neglected; they cut away some of the boughs, and stripping off the leaves, formed a kind of wall of branches and reeds, of which a large species

to be horizontal. He then plants his hands firmly against the stem, and a foot, or a foot and a half, below the belt. By now leaning back and tightening the body-belt, he divides his weight between it and his arms, so as entirely to relieve the foot-strap of all strain. The legs are next drawn up quickly, till the foot-strap lies across the second notch. The climber now removes his hands from the tree, and grasps the body-belt, which becomes quite slack on his throwing his body forward till it almost touches the stem — his whole weight meanwhile resting on the foot-strap. By a sudden movement he then jerks the slackened belt about a foot and a half further up the tree. After this he once more rests his hands on the stem, relieves his feet of the weight, and draws them up as before till the next notch receives the foot-strap, and so on till he reaches the top. He carries along with him an earthen pot slung round his neck, and a huge knife at his girdle. With this he cuts away the young sprouts, and draws off the toddy, which appears to be the sap intended by nature to form the fruit. When freshly taken from the tree, in the cool of the morning, it forms a delicious drink, not unlike whey in appearance, with a slightly acid taste, and a pleasant sweetness, as well as a sharpness or briskness not very dissimilar to that of ginger-beer, only more racy and peculiar in its flavour." — CAPTAIN HALL's *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, Second Series, vol. ii. pp. 217-219.

grew near, and in great quantities. The spring they had found oozed away to a considerable distance, and at last was quite lost in a bed of grayish clay. Frank had often seen the natives of the villages, whither he had sometimes gone, fashioning clay into any form by the action of fire, and an idea struck him that they might harden square pieces of this clay, so as to form a floor for their dwelling, the soft damp earth beneath the banana being both comfortless and unhealthy. His plan was adopted; and they had soon a hard, dry, and firm floor. There being certainly no risk of robbers, they left most of the things brought from the wreck on the palm-tree knoll, having run up a slight partition of boards for their protection, only taking to the banana what was absolutely necessary. Francis, too, was the archer of the party; he had been accustomed to the use of a bow and arrow from his infancy, and a little practice made him so expert a shot that they were never without a bird for dinner — indeed, the island swarmed with them; and then they were roasted gypsy fashion — a fire was kindled on the ground, and the bird hung between two sticks to roast. No time was ever lost, and nobody was ever idle;

even Marion's services were called in requisition, and she soon became very industrious in collecting all the light and dried sticks to be used for fuel. One of their first tasks had been to plant some yams and pease in an open space, and their labour was rewarded, for they thrived amazingly. Whether it was the change, the spare diet, the exercise, and being constantly out in the open air, but the children became quite robust in health; and Marion began to acquire a tint of crimson, quite English, on her cheek. Her childish age made her the happy one of the party; for Frank, even when most exhilarated by the success of any plan, was ever haunted by the thought of his father's despair when he should learn that the *Warren Hastings* had never arrived in port. Could he but have had his father with him, he thought life would have been perfectly happy, passed in their little island — if he could but let him know their escape. At length an idea, almost an inspiration, came across his mind: he had heard of papers being sealed up in bottles, trusted to the mercy of the waves, and yet wonderfully coming to human knowledge at last. Accordingly, he wrote three distinct accounts of the shipwreck; described, which Michael's know-

ledge enabled him to do, the latitude of the island; gave his father's address, and also that of his London correspondent; finally, he took three bottles, placed in them the precious papers, and committed them to the sea. He was the more encouraged to this by Michael's observation, that a strong current ran southward on the left side of the island.

There had now elapsed three months since their shipwreck, and the rainy season had set in. For this, however, they were well prepared. The banana-tree stood on an eminence, and two drains that they had cut, carried away all moisture. The roof was quite impervious to rain; and they had an ample stock of dried tamarinds, cocoa-nuts, heaps of the bread-fruit kept in sand like apples, their pease almost all of which they had dried, biscuit, preserves, and salted provisions which yet remained of the ship's store. They had formed three rooms; and the rest of the banana-tree, or rather grove, was like a covered garden, where Marion could run about in safety.

But it soon became too evident that Michael's health was failing; he complained of dull weary pains at night; he loathed his food, and could with difficulty be prevailed on to take a

little tea that was kept exclusively for him. Some arrow-root, which was found in a jar, now became invaluable; and once or twice Frank had the good luck to kill a bird, though the violent weather drove them mostly to shelter; and then, after a failure or so, he became quite skilful in broth making. But Michael grew daily weaker and weaker—he could just creep from and to his bed, but that was all. Every thing now devolved on Francis; but Marion, who was a little quiet affectionate thing, would sit for hours by the old man's hammock, reach him refreshments, call her brother if he was wanted, and beguiled many a weary hour with her stock of hymns and Scripture history.

Fine weather came at last, but it brought no strength to Michael. One day, with Frank's assistance, he wandered out a brief distance in the fresh morning air; with difficulty he returned to his hammock, and from thence he never rose—he died that very afternoon. About an hour before he breathed his last, he called Frank to his side, gave him directions how to bury him, told him that it was his last belief that God in his mercy would restore Francis and his sister to their father, and commended to his future aid the fatherless orphan Philip Michael, whom he

had himself left at Southampton. Francis w his promise. The old man then blessed th both, and said he was weary, and would f sleep. They knew not when his spirit depart for he died without a struggle. One of singularly brilliant butterflies with which island abounded, had for some time been sk ming about on its white and azure wings; at it settled on the sick man's face; Frank ros drive the insect away, and saw with terror change of countenance which had taken pla his exclamation brought Marion from the adj ing room, whither she had been sent, lest movements might disturb Michael's sleep.

"He is dead, Marion!—dead! He never look at or speak to us again! We h lost our only friend!"

The poor boy sat down on the wooden s and sobbed; Marion began to cry too; the evening closed upon their lamentati The little girl was too young for sorrow sleep not to be near comrades; her brother her weariness, gave her the usual supper c piece of biscuit, and another of cocoa-nut, watched by her till she was fast asleep. then returned to the room where Michael and remembered his last injunctions, and]

pared to obey them. A wick floating in a goblet of oil gave a dim and wavering light, scarcely sufficient for Francis to perform his sorrowful business. Michael had died almost with the very words on his lips urging the necessity of immediate burial; and this the boy was preparing to effect—for the life had now been departed twelve hours—and he himself wished to avoid leaving any gloomy impression on the mind of such an infant as Marion: for himself he had no fear; he knew God was as much present with the dead as with the living. It was almost beyond his strength; but by lowering the hammock, as Michael had directed, on a frame which was below, and which, running on four rudely constructed wheels, had been used to drag whatever they had wanted from the store at the palm-knoll, he contrived to convey the body from their dwelling. He took the way he had been told; and the burden was easily drawn, for it was on a descending slope the whole way. He soon reached the palm the old sailor had indicated, and there saw what had been the last employment of his more than kind protector—the grave was ready dug. Frank sat down by its side, and sobbed as if his heart were breaking; at length he tightened

the ropes of the hammock till it closed, like a shroud, round the body : he turned over the frame, and it fell with a heavy sound into the deep grave. Frank paused for a moment, and then proceeded to throw in the mould heaps on either side. The pit was at last full ; but he could not bear to trample it down. He then knelt, and, by the light of the clear full moon, now shining in the glory of a tropical night, read aloud the burial service of the dead.

The solemn and consoling words had their due effect. With a tranquillised spirit he returned home. His sister had never before been left for one quarter of an hour by herself ; but he had felt no anxiety—Providence was watching over her—and there he found her ; his little arm under her head, almost hidden by the black curls—the sweet breath coming regularly from her parted lips—one cheek flushed into the brightest rose, and seeming as if she had never stirred since he parted from her. Francis did not himself attempt to go to bed. At length fatigue overpowered him, and he slept long and sweetly. On his awakening he found Marion seated at his feet watching, but without an effort to disturb him, though it was long past noon.

Mournful, indeed, did the first weeks pass away without Michael—inconstant were Marion's inquiries when he would return: it is so difficult to give a child an idea of death. But as day after day passed by, poor Frank grew more anxious; for now the provisions saved from the wreck were almost exhausted. All that were left, he put by carefully for the rainy season: he also, unless one now and then as a rare treat to Marion, saved all the cocoa-nuts; and they lived entirely on what birds he shot, and the tamarinds. Both, however, continued in perfect health; and Marion now began to read very prettily. Still, he dreaded the approach of the rainy season; for, with all his exertion, his stock of food ran short, and his crop of pease had failed. During Michael's lifetime not a day had passed but he had gone to the sea-shore; now he could only go at intervals, for he had no one to take charge of Marion in his absence, and it was too far for her to walk, unless they could give nearly the whole day, and by dining under the palm-trees allow sufficient time for her to rest. The red flag still floated in the air, and on the trunk of the tree he carved the following inscription:—

“ Francis and Marion Selwyn were saved from

the wreck of the *Warren Hastings*, and are now living on this island. Should any land, they are implored not to leave the shore without first searching the interior."

Having thus taken every possible precaution they rarely left their own hut; and Frank busily employed himself in endeavouring to salt some of the birds he killed, and by drying them over the smoke of a wood fire found he succeeded very tolerably.

The rainy season again commenced; and was with a heavy heart Frank listened to the rushing of the first mighty rains. However, he was too busy for despondency; several chests of clothes had floated on shore, and both were now employed in recruiting their own dilapidated wardrobe. The blue checked shirts were invaluable; for out of these he made Marion new frocks, which he decorated very gaily with the bright coloured feathers he had collected in great quantities. The sewing certainly was a curiosity; for his only needle was a fine splinter of wood, in which he had burnt an eye; and it may be guessed that he was not very expert in its use. Still, the frock kept her warm—the feathers were very gay—and Marion thought herself an Indian princess at least. Making

baskets of the various twigs he had collected, was another source of employment ; and teaching Marion filled up the day. But the long dark nights were very tedious ; for they had no lights, and no means of making any ; and the small portion of oil left after Michael's death was husbanded carefully in case of an emergency. With great joy did both the children watch the abating rains ; and the first day they could get as far as the palm-trees was one of absolute festivity.

They had been a year and three months on the island, when one day as Francis was climbing a tamarind-tree, the branch on which he stood gave way : he was precipitated to the ground, and sprained his ankle. For the first time Frank thought their situation hopeless ; their little garden must now remain uncultivated, their fruit ungathered, and, unfortunately, the accident had happened at a considerable distance from home.

“ Marion, my poor little sister ! ” exclaimed he, leaning his face on her shoulder, while he felt the large tears of the affectionate child falling on his hand. Both started ; for at that moment they most assuredly heard the sound of voices. Frank sprang to his feet, but the

pain was excruciating, and he sank on the grass. Voices were again heard, when, joining his hands together, so as to convey the sound farther, he gave a loud shout. It was answered; figures appeared among the trees, and in another moment they were in the arms of their father. •

The blessing of God had been upon their plan: one of the bottles had been picked up at sea, and forwarded to Mr. Selwyn, who lost not a moment in hastening to the place indicated. A little assistance allayed the pain of Frank's ankle; and a sort of hand-barrow was soon formed. He was seated on it, and carried in triumph by the sailors; for not one but shared in the admiration excited by the resolution and the resources he had displayed. Little Marion, in her robe of parti-coloured feathers, and her hat of palm-leaves, was, for the next two days, her father's guide. It will readily be believed with what interest every spot in the island was visited. At Frank's earnest desire, a large wooden cross was placed over Michael's grave; and there (for a few days' rest and care restored the use of his ankle; and during those few days the ship was taking in fresh water) he and Marion paid their last visit.

The voyage was unmarked by any adventure ; and with no ordinary feelings of thankfulness Mr. Selwyn found himself once more in his native land, and with his children at his side. It will be readily supposed that the first employment of the Selwyns was to find out Philip Michael. To oblige Francis, they themselves went to Southampton, where they learnt that, his uncle being dead, he had been placed by the parish in the service of a neighbouring farmer. Thither Mr. Selwyn and his son directed their steps. Philip came into the room—a fine, intelligent-looking lad, but pale and depressed. Mr. Selwyn asked Francis what he wished to have done for the lad they were about to take into their own care.

“ His father was my father, and shall he not be my brother ? ”

Mr. Selwyn embraced his child ; and from that hour the young Michael was treated as one of their family. He did their gratitude ample credit ; and amid all the prosperity which was the lot of their future life, none of them ever forgot their early lessons of exertion, content, and reliance on Providence.

THE FIRST SAD LESSON.

By CAROLINE BOWLES.

“ COME hither, my little child, to me—
 Come hither, and hearken now—
 My poor, poor child ! is this a day
 For thee to dance, and sport, and play,
 Like blossom on the bough ?

“ Fair blossom ! where’s the fost’ring bough:
 And where’s the parent tree ?
 Stem, root, and branch, all, all laid low—
 Almost at once—at one ‘ fell blow !’
 Dear child ! cling close to me ;

“ My sister’s child ! for thou shalt grow
 Into my very heart ;
 But hush that ringing laugh—to me
 The silver sound is agony :
 Come, hearken here apart ;

“ And fold thy little hands in mine,
 So—standing at my knee—
 And look up in my face, and say,
 Dost thou remember what to-day,
 Weeping, I told to thee ?

“ Alas ! my tears are raining fast
Upon thine orphan head ;
And thy sweet eyes are glistening now —
Harry ! at last believest thou
That thy poor mother’s dead ? ”

“ No, no, my mother *is not* dead ;
She *can’t* be dead, you know.
Oh aunt ! I saw my father die —
All white and cold I saw him lie :
My mother don’t look so.

“ She cried when I was sent away,
And I cried very much ;
And she was pale, and hung her head —
But then, her lips were very red,
And soft, and warm to touch :

“ Not like my father’s, hard, and cold ;
And then, she said, beside,
She’d come to England soon, you know.”

“ But Harry ! that was months ago —
She sickened since, and died ;

“ And the sad news is come to-day —
Told in this letter. See !

2454V

"Tis edged and sealed with black." "Oh des
Give me that pretty seal. Look here,
I'll keep it carefully,

" With all these others in my box ;
They're all for her. Don't cry—
I'll learn my lessons every day,
That I may have them all to say
When she comes by and by."

" Boy! boy! thy talk will break my heart :
Oh Nature! can it be
That thou in *his* art silent so ?
Yet what, poor infant! shouldst thou know
Of life's great mystery ?

" Of time and space, of chance and change,
Of sin, decay, and death—
What canst thou know, thou sinless one !
Thou yet unstained, unbreathed upon
By this world's tainting breath ?

" A sunbeam all thy little life !
Thy very being bliss :
Glad creature ! who would waken thee,
To sense of sin and misery,
From such a dream as this ?"

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR
LENOX
TILDEN



Lithograph by H. B. Brown. Pub. by the Proprietors. E. M. B. Co., 1846.

GOING TO THE WELL.

GOING TO THE WELL.

BY ISABEL HILL.

"I'LL not come and be drest! I'll not go and
be taught!

In fact, I'll do nothing at all that I ought."

Hush, hush! my young lady—before you refuse
For your own good to act as your elders may
choose,

Only list to a few simple words, as they fell
From the lips of yon little girl going to the well.

"~~I own~~, I would rather," she said, "go and play,
Where the bright sun smiles out on the hills far
away;

Where the cattle, with breath like the cowslips
around,

Their beds and their dinners together have found;
But my bare feet and tatters! too plainly they tell
How poor are my parents—I'll go to the well.

'Tis little I *can* do, as yet, to reward
Those who early and late for *my* sake work so
hard;

Though the pitcher were heavier, the way twice
as long

From our cottage, to think upon *them* makes me
strong ;

And fond of my duties, my cares—if they dwell
In my mind, they but steady it. Come, to the
well !

I'll not loiter to hear the birds sing from the
trees,

Nor chase the gay moths ; but toil on like the
bees ;

And pray for the years when my actions may
prove

To my father—my mother—how truly I love ;
And what good resolves in my heart used to
swell,

When in childhood I went with my dog to the
well !”

Now, if *she* is so patient, what ought *you* to be,
Who dress and fare better, from menial tasks
free ?

What gratitude owe you your parents and Heaven !
Go, promise amendment, be kissed and forgiven ;
And think, when you next are inclined to rebel,
On the poor little cottager *going to the well !*

A WALK IN A FLOWER-GARDEN.

BY MRS. LOUDON,

Author of Conversations on Chronology, &c.

MRS. SEYMOUR was the widow of a merchant; and her husband dying when her three children were all quite young, she determined to educate them as far as she could at home. She was aware that it would be necessary to have masters to teach them many of the sciences and accomplishments which their situation in society made it necessary for them to know; but she wished to superintend herself all that related to the earliest development of their minds. She well knew how difficult it is to forget impressions made in childhood, and how much more difficult it is to unlearn, than to learn; for this reason she was anxious that the first ideas they acquired on any subject should be such as would be of use to them in their after-studies. During the life of her husband, Mrs. Seymour had resided in London; but as soon as the settlement of her affairs would permit, she took a house a few miles from town, whither she removed with

her children, not only for the benefit of their health, but in the hope that a residence in the country might give them a taste for the study of natural history ; and, in fact, for all rural pleasures.

The children were just at that happy age when enough only is known to excite an ardent desire to know more—when novelty lends its charm to every object ; and when the impressions made upon the mind are so vivid, as to be rarely, if ever, effaced. The little Seymours had been encouraged to ask questions respecting every thing they did not understand ; and, on their arrival at their country-house, they found themselves surrounded by so much that was new to them, that they almost overwhelmed their mamma with inquiries, to which they had not patience to wait for answers, before some new object attracted their attention. The second day, however, the tumult of their thoughts appeared somewhat calmed ; and in the evening, when they took a walk with their mamma in the garden belonging to their new abode, they were become sufficiently reasonable to listen with patience to the answers she gave to their questions, before they troubled her with fresh ones. Mrs. Seymour was pleased with this change, and readily

promised that they should each have a little garden of their own, in which they might plant whatever flowers they fancied, provided they first brought her those they fixed upon, and listened attentively to what she told them respecting their qualities and names.

The children gladly agreed to the prescribed conditions, and determined not only to have beautiful flowers in their gardens, but to learn all about them as speedily as possible. It was the first time the two girls, Lota and Jessie, had ever been in a garden, or had seen any flowers save those which grew in the beaupots at their mamma's windows; and though their brother Edward, who was a year or two their senior, had once before been in the country, his knowledge was not much more extensive than their own. They were therefore quite at a loss on what flowers to decide; and begged their mamma to help them to fix their choice. This, however, she declined, desiring them to bring to her whatever they liked best; and promising, on her part, to give them all the information in her power relative to those they gathered, in the hope that she might thus create a taste for botany in their young minds.

The garden was not an extensive one, and it contained few except the most common flowers;

it was, however, in the month of August, when a number of annuals are in bloom, and it had altogether a gay and brilliant appearance. The children were delighted; and, for some time, roved about from flower to flower, uncertain which to choose. At length Lota fixed upon one of rather a singular shape, of a rich dark blue colour, and carrying it to her mamma, eagerly inquired its name.

“ Its botanical name is *Tradescantia Virginica*,” said Mrs. Seymour; “ and it is thus called in honour of Mr. John Tradescant, son to one of the gardeners of Charles I., who brought it, with many others, from Virginia.”

“ I thought that flower was called spider-wort, mamma ?” said Edward.

“ Spider-wort is its common English name,” replied Mrs. Seymour, “ and I will soon shew you whence it is derived. Break one of those green leaves across, Lota, and draw the two portions gently apart.”

Lota did as she was desired; and, with her brother and sister, uttered an exclamation of delight, on perceiving a white, glossy thread still uniting the broken portions of the leaf, which lengthened without breaking, as they gradually drew them farther and farther asunder, till it

fine and as bright as the thread spun

beautiful!" cried the three children, all

1. "I see now," continued Jessie, called spider-wort."

at is it that makes the thread?" asked and where does it come from?"

ants," said Mrs. Seymour, "have a d circulating through their veins, in a ewhat analogous to the circulation of n the human frame, and this fluid is sap. In the spider-wort the sap is urly viscid or glutinous nature; and, , will bear to be extended to a con- ngth, without breaking. There are er peculiarities relating to this plant; I proceed to detail them, we will, if examine it a little more closely. You e, in the first place, that the flower, consists of three leaves, or petals, e botanically called, of a rich deep oaching to purple. This bunch of yellow threads in the centre are stamens; the thin parts are named nts; and the golden extremity of rt thicker than the rest, is called the

The children crowded round to look at the flower more attentively; and Jessie, who was very inquisitive, touched the little bunch of stamens, but started back when she found her finger stained with a yellow dust.

“Oh dear! what is that?” cried she, hastily.

“That is the pollen, or farina,” said Mrs. Seymour; “a sort of mealy powder which the anther throws out when it is ripe and bursts. Let us now remove one of the filaments, and look at it through this magnifying glass. See, it is invested with long and numerous hairs, so as to appear quite shaggy, and this, in itself, is curious and pretty enough; but this is not all: look at it again, and you will discover that each individual hair is elegantly jointed throughout its whole length, and forms an exquisite miniature necklace, surpassing even the most wonderful feats of an expert glass-blower. This, my dears, is what forms the family feature, or, as the botanists call it, the generic character of the family or genus *Tradescantia*.”

“I don’t quite understand what you mean, mamma,” said Edward, “when you speak of the family *Tradescantia*. Are there more plants of the same name, besides this.”

“There are more than twenty species, that is,

distinct kinds, cultivated in England; all differing in the flowers, or leaves, or in some other part, and yet all agreeing in some striking particulars, such as the one I have just mentioned, and which belongs to every one of them."

"How very curious!" exclaimed Lota; "I wish, mamma, you would let me have a plant of each of them in my garden."

"That would be impossible, my dear; for many of them would not live during the winter in the open air without protection, and some of them require a hot-house; but as the plant before us is very hardy, and easily cultivated, you shall have one to put in your garden, as soon as the gardener will permit it to be removed."

The other children begged eagerly for the same indulgence; and, running to the plant, entreated their mamma to remark, that a large tuft of it was growing together, and that there was quite enough for them all.

"I am glad that you have directed my attention to the plant in its growing state," said Mrs. Seymour, "as I can now point out some peculiarities in it, which were not so perceptible in the small specimen you had in your hand. In the first place, remark its numerous stems; you will perceive that none of them are more than a

foot in height, and yet each is garnished with several dark green, sword-shaped leaves. Towards the tip of each stem these leaves are closely placed, and form, by their sheathing bases, little hollows, in which nestle the numerous flowers with which the plant is covered. Each flower lives only one day."

"Only one day, mamma!" cried Edward. "I do think you must be mistaken; for I remember to have seen at Hampstead, this plant in a garden, and it was covered with blossoms for a whole week."

"They were always fresh ones, however," said Mrs. Seymour, smiling; "and when you have acquired a little more information, Edward, you will learn not to be quite so confident of being in the right as you are at present. It requires a certain portion of knowledge to be aware of our own ignorance. Count the number of stems in the plant before us.—How many are there?"

"Twenty, mamma," replied Edward, in a low voice, ashamed of his hasty assertion.

"Now, count the flower-buds on one stem.—How many do you make them?"

"There are twenty-five on one stem, I declare, and twenty-two on another!" exclaimed Edward.

“ And if you multiply these numbers, the result, which is yet very far below what most plants of this genus are capable of producing, will shew you that you need no longer be surprised at the short existence of the flowers ; as there are enough buds here to supply a constant succession of blossoms for several weeks.—But what is little Jessie guarding so carefully with her hand, as she comes creeping along? Ah! I see it is the *Commelina cœlestis*. Why have you fixed upon that, Jessie?”

“ It is such a pretty light blue,” lisped the little girl.

“ It is called *cœlestis* from its sky-blue colour, though we rarely see the skies in England of so beautiful a tint. The name of *Commelina* is taken from that of two Dutch botanists, called Commelyn. The flower resembles the *Tradescantia* in its shape, and it has also six stamens, but they have not the same beautiful jointed hairs ; three of the anthers are also shaped like a cross, and differ materially from the remaining three.”

“ May I have one of these plants in my garden?” asked Jessie.

“ I am afraid you would not be able to manage it,” returned her mamma. “ The plant is

a native of Mexico; and, to make it thrive in a climate so different from its own, the gardener is obliged to shelter its tuberous roots from the frost during winter, by burying them in dry sand."

"Do come here, mamma," cried Edward, "and tell me what these great tall flowers are that make such a show? I should like to have a great many of them."

"They are called Phloxes, or Lychnidea, and both their appellations signify the English word flame."

"That is, because they are always red, I suppose?"

"On the contrary, as they are generally of a pinkish lilac, or sometimes white, I should rather think they take their name from the form of the flower, which, before it is fully expanded, somewhat resembles the conical figure of the flame of a candle; the cylindrical tube of the corolla serving for the candle itself, and the calyx as the candelabra."

"What is the calyx, mamma?" asked Lota.

"The little leaves, or sheath," said Mrs. Seymour, "which shelter the bud before it is fully expanded. When the calyx is divided into several portions, they are called sepals."

"Do the Phloxes require much care to cultivate?" asked Edward.

"By no means. You must ask the gardener to prepare you a bed of peat earth, or vegetable mould, that is, mould formed of decayed leaves, and you may grow as great a variety as you please of the thirty kinds cultivated in British gardens; taking care, however, to shield them from too much sun. I believe they are natives of North America, and probably grow wild among the immense forests in that country. You see the gardener has contrived that the bed before us, though it enjoys the early morning sun, shall yet be sheltered by that fine tulip-tree, from the heat of its noon-tide rays."

"Thank you, mamma—now we shall see which does best, Lota's flowers, or mine."

"Or mine?" lisped Jessie.

"But you haven't got any yet," cried Edward. "Mamma said the flower you fixed on wouldn't do."

"True," said Mrs. Seymour; "but Jessie's garden must not be forgotten. Try to find another flower, my love."

Jessie willingly obeyed, and soon returned with a Columbine.

"This will do well," said her mamma; "it is

hardy, and is, besides, a very pretty and common flower. Look, Jessie dear. Columba is named for a dove; and if you observe this flower attentively, you will see that the sepals, or divisions of the calyx, resemble the expanded wings of a cluster of those pretty, innocent little birds, while the long tapered nectaries, or honey-tubes of the petals, with their curved ends, bear a small similitude to the necks, heads, and beaks."

"Oh, how pretty!" exclaimed the delighted Jessie, as her mamma took off part of the flower to explain what she meant more clearly.

"I suppose," said Edward, "as Columba is derived from the Latin, that the plant has no common English name."

"On the contrary," replied his mother, "Columbine is now the English name, and Aqua the Latin one. Some botanists derive this latter appellation from a fancied resemblance between the flower and an eagle's claws; but a very intelligent friend of mine has suggested another derivation which may probably be the true one. If you inspect the flower, you will perceive that all the tubes are hollow. Now, as *aqua* signifies water, *lego* to collect, it is possible that the Latin name may be intended to mean water-catchers."

"I think, mamma," said Edward, "that they look more like a number of cornucopiæ."

Mrs. Seymour smiled. "You have now each fixed upon a flower," said she, "and must let me try what I can find to please myself. Suppose I choose an Aconite. I see a group yonder, in that shady border, quite covered with flowers. I dare-say you know this plant, Edward, by the name of Monk's-hood, or Wolf's-bane."

"Oh! yes I remember it, and I know why it is called Monk's-hood quite well; but stop a little, let me gather a flower, and I will shew you—see! when I pinch it so, two little eyes start out from under the monk's cowl."

"If we take off the monk's cowl, we shall find that the two eyes are nectaries, or honey-tubes. These tubes, respecting the exact use of which, however, botanists are unable to decide, have been fancied to have, in the Monk's-hood, the appearance of a pair of doves, seated on the extremity of some long traces, like those we see harnessed to the car of Venus. Nor is the car itself wanting; the two side petals of the flower, when bent down, will serve for wheels, and the two narrower petals for the back; while the cluster of stamens and pointals in the centre may well image Venus herself—

‘ Apparell’d in exactest sort,
And ready to be borne to court.’ ”

The children laughed heartily at this ; and, as they ran along the walks, gathered several flowers, to make Venus and her doves. Tired at length with their amusement, they returned to their mamma, and inquired if there were many kinds of Aconite growing in Europe.

“ There are nearly a hundred sorts cultivated in England,” replied Mrs. Seymour, “ and most of them are natives of Europe. Many grow wild in Switzerland and Germany, and upon the Alps and the Pyrenees. I must not forget to tell you, however, that all the Aconites are poisonous some to a very high degree.”

“ Then I will have nothing more to do with them,” cried Lota, dashing the flowers she held in her hand impetuously to the ground.

“ Gently, Lota ! ” said her mother. “ Those flowers are not poisonous to the touch ; and it is wrong to discard too hastily what may afford us both pleasure and profit, because it may prove injurious if we make a bad use of it. It is only ignorance that is dangerous. It is true, that the *Aconitum Napellus*, or Monk’s-hood Aconite, which you have been gathering, was supposed by the ancients to be one of the strongest of the vegetable poisons ; and

that Linnæus relates an instance of a man dying from eating a quantity of its leaves ; but, properly administered, it is of considerable use in medicine, and in some very dangerous and painful diseases it is powerfully efficacious.—But, come, let us return to the house. I think our lecture on flowers has been protracted quite long enough this evening, though another time I may tell you more.”

The children obeyed ; but ere they had proceeded many steps, they recollected that there was one spot they had not visited, the casual sight of which, the evening before, had greatly excited their curiosity. This was some rock-work surrounding a small basin of water, in the midst of which there was a fountain. Mrs. Seymour, ever anxious to comply with their wishes, when she could do so without impropriety, kindly turned back ; and, in a few minutes, they reached the fountain. The water was thrown up to a considerable height in a single jet, from a Grecian tazza of the most elegant shape ; and as the setting sun tinged the silvery column with its brilliant hues, the descending spray looked like a shower of liquid gems. The children stood gazing at this beautiful prism till, the sun sinking below the horizon, they found the water beginning to lose part of its dazzling lustre ; and then, with

the restless curiosity natural to their age, they turned to look at the rockery by which the basin was surrounded. There was much here to engage their attention : beautiful pieces of various kinds of stone, intermixed with fossils, curious roots of trees, cocoa-nut shells, petrifications, and innumerable other rarities, were piled one upon another, with apparent wildness, but real regularity ; and from the interstices between the stones crept a number of beautiful plants, some hanging down in elegant festoons, and others forming graceful little tufts of blossoms, at once charming the eye, and breathing forth a most delicious fragrance. The day before, the little Seymours had been particularly struck with one of these, a beautiful little yellow flower, something resembling, in form, though smaller, a common dog-rose, which had almost covered the rock-work with its bright golden blossoms. It had now unaccountably disappeared ; and the children, on searching for it, could only find the bare stamens of what had been flowers, while the ground below where it hung, was strewn with yellow petals. Much grieved, they gathered a few of these ; and, taking them to their mamma, asked if these were the sole remains of their much-admired flower.

“ They are indeed,” replied she ; “ but do not let the shortness of their beauty distress you, for by to-morrow the plant will be covered again as splendidly as ever. This flower is called the *Helianthemum vulgare*, or common miniature sun-flower, and is allied to the genus *Cistus*, or rock-rose ; all the species of which are remarkable for the beauty and ephemeral nature of their blossoms. The tribe to which this flower belongs are especially called *Helianthemum*, or sun-flowering ; because their blossoms are never fully expanded but when the sun is shining, and their existence never exceeds a day. The moment the sun begins to sink in the horizon, their petals begin to fall ; and before the evening closes in, every flower exhibits only a bare bunch of stamens, like those before us.”

“ But, mamma, they are not all quite gone yet,” said Lota, stretching out her hand to gather a flower, which yet remained apparently in a perfect state. She had hardly touched it, however, before three of the petals fell ; she shaded it with her hand to preserve the two remaining ; but, in spite of all her care, first one fell, and then the other trembled and quivered ; while Lota, trembling herself with anxiety, carefully watched the mutilated flower, as she crept slowly

along, scarcely daring to breathe, lest the slightest current of air should destroy her hopes. She had almost reached her mamma, and was just holding out the flower with an air of triumph when the remaining petal fell, and she provoked Lota, trying to save it, accidentally touched the clustre of stamens in the centre of the flower. To her great surprise, and almost terror, they instantly started back, extending themselves almost flat, and forming a round, flower-like shape, as though they were trying to replace the loss of the petals.

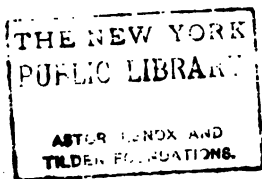
“How very curious!” cried Edward. “What can be the cause of this, mamma?”

“The property which occasions this remarkable appearance,” said Mrs. Seymour, “is common to many plants besides the *Helianthemum* and is called irritability; but it would take too long to enter further upon the subject present. The dew is beginning to fall, and I am afraid I have already told you much more plants than you will be able to remember.”

“We shall see that,” cried Edward. “I, for one, recollect every word.”

“We will try to-morrow morning, after breakfast,” said Mrs. Seymour, smiling; “and the if I find you have profited by this lesson, I may be induced to give you a second.”

.





Engraved by H. Hill

And 1833 for the Trustees

Printed by T. Cadmore.



A GIRL'S FAREWELL TO THE
RIVER LEE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

I LEAVE thee, my own River Lee—I leave thy
banks of green,
The richness of thy harvest hills, thy summer
woods serene,
Thy birds, like living lutes, that sing through
heaven's bright azure free—
I leave thee—oh! my beautiful, my native River
Lee!

They tell me that in foreign lands far nobler
rivers sweep—
So vast, the weary skies do rest upon their
shoreless deep;
That coloured birds, like tulip-beds, in living
lustre glow,
And far away, for miles they say, ten thousand
forests grow!

Yet tell me if the flowers I love, I ever more
may find,
Or meet a valley half so dear as this I leave
behind?

What — what to me are forests wild, or l
 painted wing?
Let *me* still hear in English groves the
 blackbird sing.

I asked my mother why she sought to ci
 dreary wave—
To quit the farm where we were born—
 my father's grave—
And why the cot my grandsire built, th
 day was sold?
She answer'd—while she wept the more
 she was poor and old!

But yet she hoped for better times, beyo
 waters wide,
And come what would, while we were go
 God would still provide:
And more I heard, and strove to hide up
 mother's knee
The tears I could not all repress, yet hop
 might not see.

The forests—how I fear them still! for
 the lion prowls
The long night through; the panther, too
 hungry fury howls;

And when the white moon veils her brow, the
tiger quits his lair,
Yet wherefore should I dread to go?— my
brother will be there!

Then, lovely River! though I ne'er may view
thy waters more,
Still may the bright heavens shine for thee in
glory as of yore—
Still may thy flowers in gladness spring— still
bloom, though not for *me*!
And bless— oh! bless thee once again— my
own dear River Lee!

SEVEN AND SEVENTEEN.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"AND am I indeed—indeed seven years old to-day? And in seven years more, nurse, shall I be a young woman, and have my own way, and do always as I please?"

"Yes, my beauty."

"And dirty as many frocks as I like?"

"My darling, you do so now."

"Well, I know that," replied the pretty little lady, pertly; "but no one will then dare to say, Miss Ida, don't, or Miss Ida, do; because then I shall be—I know what.——"

"An angel, my dear?"

"No—something better."

"And what can be better than an angel, my precious?"

"Why, a beauty and an heiress, to be sure. La, nurse, how stupid you are, not to know that!"

"Oh, you dear, sweet, clever little creature—they may well say, in the housekeeper's room,

and the servants' hall, that you are the most wonderful child that ever was born."

"I don't care what they say in the house-keeper's room, or the servants' hall," retorted Miss Ida, with an aristocratic toss of her head: "let me hear what they say in the drawing-room. I wonder, will papa, when he returns to-night, admire the ease and grace my dancing-master talks of—lol tol, lol de rol de ree." And the embryo heiress pirouetted before the cheval-glass that graced her nursery, almost as well as a dancing-master could desire.

I am very certain no young friend of mine can have read thus far without feeling convinced that Ida Leverton belonged to the unhappy class of children called "*spoilt*;" and that her silly and ignorant nurse was guiding her to destruction. Providence had given the little heiress of Leverton a great deal of beauty and a fair share of understanding. She had, moreover, a quick and ready wit—such as wise parents and sensible governesses may so bring under subjection—turning it to quicken *thoughts*, not *words*—that, though a dangerous thing to play with, it becomes a pleasant and a profitable thing to use. But, my dear reader, the mother of poor Ida died

a few hours after she was born : and as her father had much to think of, she was left entirely to the care of a foolish though an affectionate servant. She had aunts ; but I regret to say they very erroneously considered the little girl too young to be injured by the society of Nurse Scroop. We shall see.

It was Ida's birth-day ; and her papa, before he left home, had invited a number of nice ladies and gentlemen, and a great many little folk, to his house, to spend the evening—and there was to be a dance,—and the carpet in the great drawing-room was removed,—and the beautiful curtains and couches that had been covered with ever so much striped cotton, were disrobed, and looked as beautiful as—oh dear ! my young friends must find the simile. Well, Ida's head, I am sorry to say, ran upon nothing but finery for ten days at least before this grand gala ; and she had neglected every thing in the shape of work or lessons, and talked of blond and bouquets as if she were a milliner's maid. I beg it to be understood, that I would not make the acquaintance of any young lady who disregarded her apparel, whose frock was not always neatly closed, whose hair did not shine and throw off the sunbeams as unsullied as they came ; be-

cause I know that a well-ordered mind will invariably be shewn by well-ordered and well-fitted garments. But the dress I admire is of habit, not of preparation ; and next to “ a sloven,” all rational people dislike “ a dresser”—one who thinks time is like gossamer, only useful in frittering and flouncing;—but to my story.

Ida was ushered into the drawing-room by Nurse Scroop, who whispered, “ Hold up your head, my darling, and speak out, and shew off your dancing: you’ll beat them all out, though there are a great many strange ladies—my beauty—that’s a love !” And old nurse parted with her nurseling, after administering this precious sugar-and-poison advice.

How the lamps burned—how the music played—how the ladies praised—how the children waltzed—I leave to my young friends’ imagination. Ida would have been perfectly happy, had she not overheard Lady Sarcasm say to Lady Deafness, that little Cecilia Howard carried herself much better than Miss Leverton. Now, she had so often been told to hold her head up, that she imagined it must be holding it well ; and she positively strained her neck in the effort to make it as long as Cecilia’s. Presently Mr. Leverton, who had not entered

until the company were assembled, came to her, and taking her hand, led her across the room, and introduced her to a mild, pale lady, who took her on her knee, and kissed her so very kindly, that for a little while she ceased to think about her own Honiton lace frock and her silver band; and thought she liked the strange visiter better than any one she had ever seen.

"She is very like you, Leverton," said the lady; "and I am sure, at least I hope, that she is a good girl."

"She has been sadly neglected, I fear," replied Mr. Leverton, "and knows very little of any thing worth knowing." Ida was astonished; she thought she knew a great deal of *every* thing worth knowing.

The lady smiled, and kissed her again.

"This is her seventh birth-day," said Ida's papa; adding, "what will she be in ten years' time?"

"Every thing you could wish her, I am sure, if she is properly managed," replied the mild lady.

"If she has learnt nothing good, I am sure she has learnt nothing bad," observed Mr. Leverton; "and that, at least, is something."

“ I cannot agree with you. I am convinced that the mind never remains inactive : if she has learnt nothing good, she *must* have learnt something bad. However, we will try and root out the evil as soon as possible, and sow good seed in such fertile ground.”

“ Are you to be my governess, then ?” inquired Ida, who drew such conclusion from the tenor of the lady’s words—“ Are you to be my governess ?” she repeated, looking into the mild lady’s face, who she perceived grew very red.

“ Little girls must not ask questions,” said Mr. Leverton, patting her cheek, and smiling at the same time.

“ May I again say I do not exactly agree with you ?” observed the lady. “ Little girls may surely ask questions, *provided* they do it in a modest, quiet manner, and without interrupting the conversation of others. Curiosity is a virtue, when it seeks to discover what is necessary and useful to be known ;—it only becomes dangerous when, like the lady in Blue Beard, it peeps into forbidden things.”

“ I have read Blue Beard,” said Ida, anxious to display her information, “ and a great many other books ;” adding, with a dangerous longing for admiration, “ Did you see me dance ?”

"Yes, my dear."

Ida looked as if she expected some commendation; but neither the lady (whose cheek was again pale) nor her papa added one word of praise. This mortified the little maid sadly, and she felt ready to burst into tears. She, however, restrained herself, and was soon again called upon to dance with Sybella Leslie.

"She certainly dances very gracefully," said the pale lady to Mr. Leverton; "but I did not like to tell her so, because she appears to solicit applause; a female cannot be too early taught the danger of vanity, and the true incitement to accomplishments."

"And what is the true incitement?"

"Usefulness."

"But you would not make a woman *merely* useful?" persisted Mr. Leverton.

"No—I would make her *greatly* useful. I consider accomplishments to be so as well as knowledge. Even in the formation of a flower, the Almighty has made the more beautiful parts essential to its value. The gaudy leaves of a tulip protect the germ from injury. On the same principle I would have every woman educated rather to form a valuable whole, than a brilliant part."

“ I have heard some very clever persons say, that education was always the effect of circumstances.”

“ More shame for the parents who permit it to be so !” replied the lady. “ I, too, have often heard the observation ; but *never* from those who had been cared for in their youth. I am willing to admit that strong minds are capable of great exertions, and frequently educate themselves ; yet they always remind me of a garden, where some glorious flowers are cherished with peculiar care, but where you are perpetually annoyed by disagreeable weeds, that increase, multiply, and mar the beauty of the parterre. Nevertheless, granting that strong minds perform great things, what is to become of the weak ones ?—they are not less valuable in the sight of their Creator because of their weakness ; though if neglected in their youth, they too often become wicked. But I am betrayed into the error of speaking a homily, where I only intended to make a reply. The young ladies will expect us to lead the way to their early supper ; and——”

“ We shall have plenty of time to talk over dear Ida’s education,” interrupted her father, as he conducted the lady to the supper-room.

Ida was very tired and very sleepy, yet she was startled and surprised at the agitation of her nurse, who, when she conducted her from the drawing-room, almost suffocated her with tears and kisses.

“What’s the matter, nurse?” she inquired. “Do take off my shoes and my frock. I wish nobody would ever give any balls; though everybody did admire my dancing, except papa and that pale mild lady.”

“Ah, miss, miss—that pale lady! you may well call her pale—so unlike your own dear mamma, who had cheeks like roses. Mild—*mild* indeed! My poor darling, that I have petted so much, and humoured in every thing, that I never, in all my life contradicted, and who never knew what it was not to have her own way! Ah! you, my sweet young lady, will soon find the difference between your poor nurse Scroop and a step-mother!”

“A what!” screamed Ida, stamping at the same moment on the floor.

“A step-mother!—A horrid step-mother, and most likely a step-brother into the bargain: they will beat you black and blue, feed you on mouldy bread, and dress you in coarse cloth.”

Ida wept outright at such a picture.

"There, don't cry, darling," continued the kind-minded but most injudicious nurse; "don't cry, but go to bed. I should not be at all surprised if you were put to sleep in the garret by and by:—and to think that his own servants knew nothing about the wedding till to-night! Oh, I wish you were old enough to pluck up a spirit!"

"But I *am* old enough!" shouted the lady vixen; "and I know what a step-mamma is—it's worse ten times, and wickeder, than a governess—and I won't have a step-mamma, that I won't; and I'll go to the drawing-room and say so."

"Oh, no! my lamb, you must not do that," exclaimed Mrs. Scroop; but before the words were out of her mouth, the lady (who at that moment was as little like "*a lamb*" as can well be imagined) was out of the nursery, down the stairs like a lap-wing, and positively into the apartment where Mr. and Mrs. Leverton and one or two intimate friends were conversing in a group, near the fire-place.

Ida flung herself into her father's arms, and sobbed on his bosom. Her long, half-curled, silken hair fell over her neck and shoulders, and her disarranged dress gave her altogether

a wild and unrestrained appearance. The pale lady, whom we shall hereafter designate as Mrs. Leverton, kindly advanced to inquire the cause of her agitation; but the child, in her violence, threw off the hand that would have caressed her, and sobbed out, "I won't have a step-mamma—I won't have a step-mamma!"

"And who told you you *had* a step-mamma?" said her father.

"Oh, I know that lady is my step-mamma, and I won't have a step-mamma—indeed, indeed I won't!" persisted Ida, crying as if her heart would break. Nurse Scroop followed her down stairs, but dreaded to enter the room, lest her master and her new mistress should be displeased at her mischievous interference.

Mr. Leverton disengaged the child from his arms; and walking to the door, observed the nurse on the landing-place.

"This is some of your doings," he said to her, in an angry tone; "but since you are pleased thus to pervert my daughter's mind, the sooner you provide for yourself elsewhere, the better."

"You shan't send away my nurse—you shan't send away my nurse!" vociferated the angry Ida, losing all respect for her father's presence and authority. Mr. Leverton, as I

have said at the commencement of my story, did not understand how children ought to be managed; and so he looked towards his wife, as if he wished her to determine what was to be done.

Mrs. Leverton advanced mildly from the other end of the room; and addressing the nurse in a firm, and yet a very sweet-toned voice, observed:—

“Take Miss Leverton out of the room, put her to bed, and to-morrow your master and I will determine upon what course it is best to pursue as regards both the young lady and yourself. Thus much I would say now: I should be sincerely sorry that any old servant, after living long, and (to the best of her abilities) serving faithfully in this house, should be dismissed, unless strong necessity commanded it. I am sure you are attached to your nursling; and next to my husband’s happiness, it is both my duty and my pleasure to minister to the happiness of his child.”

Nurse Scroop had entered the drawing-room with a scowling brow and a trembling lip; but there was a dignity and a sweetness about “*the new lady*,” that both awed and won her; and without making any reply to her obser-

vations, she curtsied respectfully, and left the room.

“ I opposed the mystery you wished preserved towards Ida, as to my new relationship to her, my dear Leverton,” continued Mrs. Leverton, addressing her husband ; “ because mystery is little else than falsehood — it is incompatible with either truth or innocence, and therefore should never have been resorted to : it would have been much better for you to have told her that I was what the world calls a “ step-mother ;” and then pointed out, kindly and judiciously, the advantages which I hope she will derive from my care and affection. I cannot love you, dearest, without loving your child.”

Mr. Leverton looked affectionately on his wife ; and well he might. With more beauty than usually falls to the lot of woman, she also possessed a store of rich and practical information, a calm judgment, a subdued and patient spirit, and a warm heart. She was fully alive to the advantages of education, because she had experienced their excellence in herself ; and she resolved to devote herself steadily to the formation of Ida’s character, and the direction of her abilities. “ I am not blessed,” she would say, “ with a strong, or even a healthy constitution ;

and I am sure, that in a very few years dear Leverton will again weep over his widowhood : be it my task to prevent its being lonely, as before. I will train Ida to be his friend and companion ; I will build my monument within their bosoms ; and when I am dead, they will bless me for the happiness I planted in their own home."

This excellent lady had undertaken a task of no little difficulty. It was very wicked, but it is no less true, that Ida at first positively *hated* her step-mother with a most decided hatred.

Poor Nurse Scroop had of necessity been discharged ; and Mrs. Leverton devoted herself, as she intended, to eradicate evil, and forward the growth of good in her step-child's mind. She never attempted to mislead her, in any way, or on any topic. She told her that God had made her beautiful ; but she also convinced her, how much more admiration was excited by plain girls who are good, than by pretty girls who are unamiable.

Mrs. Leverton loved to draw her comparisons from nature, because then she was convinced that her ground-work was just ; and one day,

when Ida appeared discontented at some remarks she had made on beauty, she sent her into the garden, with an injunction to gather a nosegay of the flower she herself liked best. It was early in the month of May, and the little maid soon returned with a nosegay of wall-flowers.

"What, Ida!" exclaimed her wise and gentle teacher; "wall-flowers — wild, simple wall-flowers! Did you not see tulips, blue-bells, anemonies, and many other much handsomer blossoms?"

"Oh, yes! many *handsomer*, certainly."

"Then why did you not gather them?"

"Because they had no smell."

"True, Ida," replied Mrs. Leverton, kissing her forehead; "and this very bouquet proves what I have so often said. My dear girl, *goodness* is to the *person* what *fragrance* is to the *flower*—an essence that will endure when the beauty of *both* decay. Do you understand me?"

Ida did understand her; and a precept so illustrated must be long remembered by every child, because the sight of the flower cannot fail to recall it.

She also managed so to temper Ida's wit, that

it retained its brightness though it lost its edge—enlivening, not cutting ; yet notwithstanding all her care and culture, she could not but regret that the young lady was a favourite with this dangerous yet fascinating tempter, who too often sits enthroned on the prettiest lips in the world, armed with glittering but poisoned arrows.

“ Wit must make you foes,” Mrs. Leverton would say ; “ but remember, love, it will never make you friends.”

Ida, who began by hating, at last, and imperceptibly, finished by loving her, whom she of herself now called “ her darling *mamma*.” And even nurse Scroop, who after a time was permitted occasionally to visit Miss Ida, “ allowed that the dear child was astonishingly improved.”

It must be confessed, that had Ida been a child of weak understanding, she would not so soon have profited by her mother’s instruction ; and, be it also remembered, that though a girl of quick and violent temper, she was totally free from the mean and abominable vice of obstinacy, ready to acknowledge and atone for a fault almost as soon as it was committed. It is even more difficult to manage the obstinate than the foolish—the one you can command ; but the other you can rarely lead.

I will now pass over the lapse of years from seven to seventeen, convinced that my young friends anticipate a happy result from the care bestowed upon her whom we commenced by calling a "young heiress."

In a beautiful and well-ordered room at Leverton Castle, and on a couch covered with blue silk, lay a *very* thin, *very* pale lady; her lips were quite white, and looked dry and parched—so parched, that ever and anon a tall and graceful girl, in the bloom of early womanhood, applied a cooling liquid to their surface; and then the very thin, very pale lady looked up, and a smile passed over her still beautiful countenance and beamed in her soft eyes.

"Dearest Ida," she said, addressing the tall graceful girl, "this is your seventeenth birthday, and yet you are chained by your kind and affectionate feelings to my couch of sickness and suffering. I know you ought to be elsewhere; yet the selfishness with which our nature is impregnated, makes me love to retain you here."

"My own dear mamma," replied Ida Leverton, throwing her arms round her neck, and pressing her rich glowing cheek to the pale one of the excellent lady—"my own dearest mamma, can you think I could be happy out of your sight at

any time during your illness, but particularly *this* day—this *dear* day, when I feel my obligations to you return tenfold? This day ten years, what bitter promise I held out! Vain, ignorant, violent, and prejudiced against my best friend—who could have attributed the smallest portion of blame to you, if you had dismissed me to some school, where, amongst other foolish girls, my vices might have been confirmed, and my prejudices established? Remembering what I was, and feeling what education has done for me—how can I appreciate its advantages as they deserve?”

“ I am amply rewarded,” said Mrs. Leverton, “ amply rewarded at all times; but more than ever rewarded when I see the affection you bestow upon your little brother. Ida, Ida, the time will soon come when you must be to that child in the place of a mother; and such is my trust in you, that I can leave him with a mind fully and entirely resting on the excellence and judgment of seventeen: it is events, not time, that bring wisdom; and you, my own Ida, are older than many who have numbered twenty years.”

Ida hid her face in her hands, and wept.

The day passed on; and as the evening advanced, the invalid became so visibly worse, that Ida longed most impatiently for her father's return from town. Her step-brother (whose birth had destroyed all prospect of the heirship Nurse Scroop taught her to look forward to at such an early age), was leaning from the window, watching for "papa;" and Mrs. Leverton's dimming eyes were eagerly fixed upon the trees that overshadowed the avenue, as if on their topmost boughs she could discern indications of his approach.

"Read to me again, love," she said; "or sing to your harp one of David's penitential Psalms." Ida obeyed, though her voice was tremulous and low.

She had hardly finished, when Mrs. Leverton raised her finger, and the word "*hush*" lingered on her lip; "I hear the tramping of your father's horses,—is it not so, Edward?"

"It is dear papa," replied the child: "may I run and meet him?"

"Gently, gently," repeated Ida, as the little fellow, who understood not he would soon have only *one* parent to meet, rushed from the room.

Mrs. Leverton raised herself a little from the

couch ; and, supported by Ida's arm, prepared to meet her husband—she felt, though she did not say so, for the last time.

“ My dearest Leverton, I am so glad, so thankful, that God has spared me for this meeting—is the deed executed ? ”

Mr. Leverton, who was greatly shocked at the change that had taken place in his wife's appearance since the morning, silently placed a roll of parchment in his wife's extended hands.

“ For you, my child,” she said, laying the bond on Ida's lap ; “ your father has gifted you with half this property. I would not have you receive *only* a daughter's portion, through the instrumentality of me or mine.”

Ida would have interrupted her ; but she raised her hand in token of silence, and looked on the clouds, tinged with the last rays of the setting sun.—“ About this hour, this day ten years, dearest Leverton, we both looked upon your child ; and, in answer to the question you put, of ‘ What will *she* be in ten years' time ’—I replied, ‘ Every thing you can wish her, *if she is properly managed.*’ Is she every thing you can wish ? and are you satisfied with your poor wife's stewardship ? ”

“ Satisfied, Mary,” he replied, “ is a poor

word to express the thankfulness, the gratitude I feel for what you have done." He was too agitated to proceed, but pressed her hand earnestly to his heart.

"It is enough," she murmured; and requested that her little son might be brought into the room. She motioned that he should stand between his father and sister, and then she placed a hand of his in theirs:—"You will be as a mother to him, Ida?" Ida's tears replied. "How wise it is," she continued, in a low, wavering tone—"how very wise it is, to do our duty! Had I neglected Ida, she would have been unfitted for the charge she has so willingly promised to undertake. May the Almighty bless you all; and may the renewal of each day be the renewal of happiness!"

She laid down her head, and her existence and her blessing passed from her lips at the same moment.

I need only add to this true tale, that Ida, after SEVENTEEN, realised the prophecy made when she was SEVEN.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



Portrait of a Woman and Child. By the Proprietor. Engraved by J. H. Sturges.

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

By MARY HOWITT.

HEAVEN keep the wives of seamen,
And bless their children small ;
For they have power to cheer us,
If sorrow should befall !

I'll tell you how the thoughts of them
Once saved a ship in need,
As if they'd been the seraphim
That had of us good heed.

A stout ship was the Halcyon,
As ever sailed the sea ;
And the crew that manned the Halcyon
Were thirty hands and three.

I was the good ship's purser,
The ocean was my joy —
The waves had been my playmates
When I was but a boy.

The master of the Halcyon
Was good as he was bold ;
Let the name of William Morrison
Throughout the world be told !

We heaved the Halcyon's anchor
On the twenty-first of May,
And from our wives and children
With sorrow went away.

My wife was bonny Betsy,
Both trim and true was she ;
We called the good ship after her,
When next we went to sea ;
And how this glory chanced to her
I'll tell ye presently.

With her I left two children,
More dear than mines of gold —
Another dark-haired Betsy,
And a boy scarce two years old.

Said I, “ My bonny Betsy,
These idle tears restrain ;
The happy day will soon come round
When we shall meet again.

“ So fare ye well, my jewels ! ”
Said I, in feigned glee,
For I feared the pain of parting
Would make a child of me.

So we went on board the Halcyon
On the twenty-first of May,
And, with a fresh and prosperous gale,
From England bore away.

We were bound unto the islands
In the South Pacific Sea ;
And many a day, and many a week,
We sailed on prosperously.

But then a dreadful malady
Broke out among the crew ;
The ocean waves rolled heavily,
And the hot wind scarcely blew !

’Twas on a Monday morning,
When first the plague appeared,
About the latter days of June,
When the equinox we neared.

The brave men gazed in sorrow,
The weak men in despair—
As the reaper in the harvest-field,
Death drove his sickle there !

They died within the hammock,
They dropped from off the shroud ;
And then they 'gan to murmur,
And Misery spoke aloud.

When at the helm the helmsman died,
All care of life seemed gone ;
We sat in stupid anguish,
And let the ship drive on.

We looked upon each other
In terror and dismay ;
We feared each other's company,
And longed to get away.

But death was in the vessel,
And death was on the sea ;
Yet they said, " We'll launch the long boat
And so part company."

In all we were but thirteen men ;
And with that sluggish wind,
Six of our number put to sea,
And seven remained behind.

In vain the captain urged them
By the vessel to remain ;
But woe had made them reckless,
And they answered not again.

We saw, throughout that weary day,
A westward course they bore ;
But we lost them ere the morrow,
And never saw them more.

Our captain sat among us,
As he for long had done,
And cheered with comfortable words,
When comfort else was none.

Said he, “ My brave companions,
Still let us nobly strive,
And for our wives and children
Keep fainting hope alive !

“ There was one, the bonny Betsy,
With a child in either hand ;
I saw her tears at parting,
As she stood on the strand.

“ We all have wives in England —
Come, yield not to dismay :
Let's give a cheer for Betsy,
And do the best we may !

“ Ye must live to smile at meeting ;
Brave hearts, let's down with pain !
Please God, we'll bring the Halcyon
To England once again !”

So spoke good William Morrison,
His tears but half repressed ;
And we all rose up, as if renewed,
And vowed to do our best.

It seemed the plague had left us,
And we were strong men all,
When we thought on those who loved us,
Our wives and children small.

And then up-sprung a cooling gale,
A cool gale and a strong ;
And from those deadly latitudes
The good ship bore along.

We were but seven mariners,
And yet we were enew ;
And we cheered for bonny Betsy
With every rope we drew.

They looked on me with kindness,
As on we gaily moved ;
For each man in my Betsy
Beheld the wife he loved.

Heaven bless the wives of seamen,
And be their children's stay ;
For they have power to cheer us
When we are far away !

And so we made our voyage
Across the southern main,
And brought that gallant vessel
To England safe again.

And they named her there the "Betsy,"
Before our second trip;
And I'll abide beside her,
As long as she's a ship!

Now let us cheer for joy in store,
For sorrow that is gone,
And for my bonny Betsy
And Captain Morrison!

THE FIRST WEAVERS.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES WILLIAMS.

It was a fine bright morning in May, when Emma Elwood entered the pretty little breakfast-parlour, where her papa, mamma, and brother were seated; and, as her eyes sparkled with curiosity and pleasure, asked for a description of a drawing, which, with several others, she had just received as a present from her cousin Sarah.

"It is an Indian scene, my love," said Mrs. Elwood; "and there stands the far-famed banyan, recalling Milton's words:—

'Branching so broad along, that in the ground
The bending twigs take root; and daughters grow
About the mother-tree; a pillared shade,
High over-arched, with echoing walks between.
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool; and tends his pasturing herds
At loopholes cut through thickest shade.'

* My young friends will, I am sure, permit me to make allusion to a little volume recently published by the Rev. Mr. Williams, entitled "Art in Nature."—It contains, among several other valuable and interesting papers of the kind, the "First Paper Maker," which appeared in the *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not* for the past year. A perusal of the work will amply repay the purchase. I strongly recommend it to all parents and teachers.—ED.

gh its growth is so complex, its form is
eful, and neither rain nor sunbeams can
trate the dense foliage which adorns its
ches—rooted beneath, and spread in ar-
s all around, sometimes to the extent of four
e hundred feet. Several of its arms, having
is case struck out horizontally, have had
s placed under them, and *they* have vegetated
and now resemble trunks of inferior trees,
died with the boughs that rest upon them.
look, my children, there is a human figure,
e employment you would not easily guess :
s a weaver, performing his labours under the
whose shade protects him from the scorch-
ays of the sun. Having stretched the threads
compose the warp of his intended cloth
hwise, between two bamboo rollers fastened
e turf by wooden pins, he is seated with his
in a hole in the earth ; and, having sus-
ed to a branch the cords which cause the
ocal raising and depressing of the alternate
ls of his warp, he connects with them un-
ath two loops, in which he inserts the great
f either foot, and pursues his work with a
e, in the form of a netting-needle ; thus
ig the cross-threads, or woof, to interlace
arp.”

E.—That is very curious, mamma; but can he work well in that strange way?

Mrs. E.—Yes, my love; he weaves fabrics which, for delicacy of texture, cannot be surpassed, and can hardly be rivalled; by the European weaver, even when his labours are aided by machinery. It has been supposed, from the superior qualities of some of the Indian muslins, that the cotton wool there is better than that of other countries; but this is not the fact: their excellence is to be solely ascribed to the peculiar skill and patience of the workmen. Some of them have produced what have been poetically described as “webs of woven wind;” but these are viewed as curiosities even in India, and are used, almost exclusively, by the princes of the land.

F.—Is that the way, papa, do you think, in which people began to make cloth?

Mr. E.—No, my dear. It is probable that weaving at first consisted merely in intermixing substances which had undergone little or no previous preparation; while, in later times, the material to be woven was *spun*. The first invented cloth was, perhaps, composed of rushes, straws, or shreds of the bark and fibrous parts of trees or plants, which needed no such process. When substances were found that might be so

united by twisting as to form continuous and unbroken threads, whose strength allowed of their displacing ruder materials, great advancement was made in the art. It is remarkable, too, that improvements in the loom are of recent date; and that even now the artisan often prefers it in its original simplicity. But I have seen at Manchester and Blackburn, hundreds of looms worked by steam; and in Leeds I had the pleasure of inspecting an extensive manufactory, where the wool goes in just as it comes from the back of the sheep, and from whence it is sent out the best cloth that can be made.

E.—And can you tell us, mamma, who was the first weaver?

Mrs. E.—Travellers assert that weaving, in some form or other, has been pursued in almost every country where the inhabitants are led by the nature of the climate to seek protection from its inclemency. Its origin is, therefore, involved in deep obscurity; but, doubtless, it was practised by inferior creatures long before it was discovered by man. For instance, there is a marsh not far from Long-champs which abounds with a water-plant called pondweed.* Its shining

* Potamogeton.

leaves, which are as large as those of the laurel or orange tree, but thicker and more fleshy, are spread on the surface of the water; and beneath one of these Reaumur discovered the cell of a caterpillar,* which is called the pondweed tent-maker; and afterwards minutely watched its movements. Having fastened a patch of leaf, of the size and shape suited to its purpose, to another leaf, or the underside of its own, so as to form a hollow cell, and secured the leaf by threads of white silk, it weaves a cocoon in the cavity, which is somewhat thin, but of very close tissue, and there shuts itself up, only to emerge as a perfect insect. This cocoon of leaves, lined with silk, is constructed underneath the water; thus shewing that the caterpillar has a particular art, by which it repels the water from between the leaves. I may mention, too, that the caterpillar of the emperor-moth feeds on fruit-trees and on the willow, and spins a cocoon, in the form of a Florence flask, of strong silk, so thickly woven that it appears almost like damask or leather. It differs from most other cocoons, in not being closed at the upper or smaller end, which terminates in a narrow circular opening,

* *Hydrocampa potamogata*.

formed by the converging of little bundles of silk, gummed together, and almost as elastic as whalebone. As all these end in needle-shaped points, the entrance of depredators is guarded against, on the principle which prevents the escape of a mouse from a wire-trap. Not contented, however, with this protection, the insect constructs another, within the external aperture, in the form of a canopy or dome, so as effectually to defend the chrysalis. But though the cocoon is thus, in some measure, impenetrable from without, it is readily opened from within; and when the moth issues from its case, it easily passes through, without either the acid or eye-files ascribed to the silk-worm. The elastic silk gives way on being pushed from within; and when the insect is fairly out, it shuts of its own accord, like a door with spring hinges.

E.—I never saw such silk as that, mamma; how nice it would be for stockings! now if a stitch drops, it is *so* awkward; but then, if such an accident happened, the silk would close again, and nothing would be seen.

Mr. E.—You are right, Emma; and I shall be obliged by your procuring for me some of that kind as soon as they can be purchased; but a few more weavers should be recollected.

A curious fact was mentioned to me, some days ago, by a gentleman who has resided many years in the Island of Antigua. He says he has often observed a large spider, which generally lives in houses, and never spins a net, but weaves a silken bag, about as large as a sixpence, which is always carried wherever it goes, and in which its eggs are deposited. On this, too, it seems to sit as a hen does ; and when the eggs are hatched, the young spiders make their way through the woven substance, which is remarkably strong, and is then abandoned by them and the parent insect. The nests of the larger hunting-spiders are of a very close satin-like texture. Some have been examined, which were about two inches high, and had two parallel chambers placed perpendicularly, in which position the inhabitant reposed there through the day, going abroad to prey, it is imagined, during the night. But the most remarkable circumstance was, that the openings, two above and two below, were so elastic as to shut almost close. Reach me that volume of Evelyn's *Travels in Italy*, Emma, and I will read you an account of these little creatures ; at a part of which, I have no doubt, you will both laugh heartily.

“ Of all sorts of insects, none have afforded

me more divertisement than the venatores,* which are a sort of lupi,† that have their dens in rugged walls and crevices of our houses; a small brown and delicately spotted kind of spiders, whose hinder legs are longer than the rest. Such I did frequently observe at Rome, which, espying a fly at three or four yards distance, upon the balcony where I stood, would not make directly to her, but crawl under the rail, till, being arrived at the antipodes, it would steal up, seldom missing its aim; but, if she chanced to want any thing of being perfectly opposite, would at first peep, immediately slide down again,—till, taking better notice, it would come the next time exactly upon the fly's back: but if this happened not to be within a competent leap, then would this insect move so softly, as the very shadow of the gnomon‡ seemed not to be more imperceptible, unless the fly moved; and then would the spider move also in the same proportion, keeping that just time with her motion, as if the same soul had animated both these little bodies; and, whether it was forwards, backwards, or to either side, without at all turning her body, like a well-managed horse: but if

* Hunters. † Wolves. ‡ The hand of a dial.

the capricious fly took wing, and pitched upon another place, behind our huntress, then would the spider whirl its body so nimbly about, as nothing could be imagined more swift; by which means she always kept the head towards her prey, though, to appearance, as unmoveable as if it had been a nail driven into the wood; till, by that indiscernible progress (being arrived within the sphere of her reach), she made a fatal leap, swift as lightning, upon the fly, catching him in the pole, where she never quitted hold till her belly was full, and then carried the remainder home."

E.—If it had not been for catching the poor fly, I should have laughed, papa, almost all through the story. O! what a sly little thing this spider is!—if I could make a dress for her it should be a scarlet coat and a black velvet cap, like those of the hunters I saw at Melton. But, papa, hunters sometimes have a tumble; do these little creatures never fall when they take a leap?

Mr. E.—The hunting-spider, my love, takes good care to provide against accidents, by always swinging from a good strong cable of silk; and this I will shew you some day, as one of the small hunters, with a back striped

with black and white, like a zebra, is very common in Britain. The abode of the labyrinthic spider* is, however, a contrast to the little elastic satin nest of the hunter; and is often seen spread out, like a broad sheet, in hedges, furze, and other low bushes, and sometimes on the ground. The middle of this sheet, which is of a close texture, is swung, like a sailor's hammock, by silken ropes extended all around to the higher branches; but the whole curves upwards and backwards, sloping down to a long funnel-shaped gallery, about a quarter of an inch in diameter. This is much more closely woven than the sheet part of the web, and sometimes descends into a hole in the ground, though oftener into a group of crowded twigs, or a tuft of grass. Here the spider dwells secure, frequently resting with her legs extended from the entrance of the gallery, ready to spring out on whatever insect may fall into her sheet-net.

F.—I suppose, papa, her net is large, because she requires it to be so; but I cannot think why the cocoons should be made so strong.

Mr. E.—All such things, my dear, are exactly adapted by the all-wise and benevolent

* *Agelena labyrinthica.*

Creator to the circumstances of the little creatures for whom they are provided. We may rest assured that nothing would be so suitable as what they have; and it is worthy of remembrance, that a cocoon is of slight texture when it is only to be occupied *for a short time*; thus the cream-spot tiger-caterpillar* lies in chrysalis only three weeks, and therefore, though ingeniously woven, is regularly meshed like net-work; but an abode for a longer period is formed of more solid materials, and in a stronger way. So true it is that

“ The insect, that, with puny wing,
Just shoots along one summer ray;
The floweret, which the breath of spring
Wakes into life for half a day;
The smallest mote, the slenderest hair—
All feel our common Father’s care.”

But what has mamma brought us? Look, my dears; I think it will assist in fixing what you have heard in your minds.

Mrs. E.—It is the nest of the hedge-sparrow,† my dears, which is formed of green moss, rather loosely, on a foundation of a few dry twigs. But, see! there is a circular piece of hair-cloth, curiously wrought, which in this case is of con-

* *Arctia villica*.

† *Accentor modularis*.

siderable thickness, though it is often so thin as not to cover the moss; but the hairs are always collected and interwoven into the structure singly, and, moreover, bent carefully, so as to lie smooth in the circular cup of the nest. Not a single end is left projecting; but all are pushed in among the moss of the exterior. Other birds are still more skilful in weaving: the pied wag-tail* forms a texture of hair more than half an inch thick, and the interior presents a smooth, uniform surface; but, perhaps, the preference must be given to the chaffinch. Mr. Rennie says, "We have one chaffinch's nest, which appears more beautiful than usual, from being lined with a smooth, thick texture of cow's hair, all of an orange-brown colour, which forms a fine contrast to the white wool intermixed with grey lichens and green moss around the brim. In some specimens, again, the hairs are nearly all white, and in others nearly all black; though seldom in a mass, and almost wholly worked in hair by hair. If a tuft of hair is procured, therefore, from a tree or a gate-post where cattle have been rubbing themselves, the chaffinch seems to pull it minutely to pieces before

* *Motacilla alba*.

interweaving it, while the wagtail and some other birds merely flatten it to make it lie smooth."

E.—Now this, dear mamma, we shall never forget. Frederick said, this morning, that he liked *so* to *see* things; and so do I. You told me once that a camel stepped very lightly, because of the curious structure of its foot,* and I shall always remember this; for I saw a man leading one a short time after, and it put out its foot so, mamma—quite softly, you know—and it made no more noise than you do, when you go to Edward's cot at night, to give him a nice kiss, and don't want to wake him. But now, mamma and papa, *do*, O pray *do*, think of some more weavers.

Mr. E.—There is a bird called "the weaver oriole,"† which is supposed to be a native of Senegal. Two that were taken to France seemed to be of different ages, the elder having a kind of crown, which appeared in sun-light of a glossy golden brown colour; but at the autumnal moult this disappeared, leaving the head of a yellow colour, though its golden brown always returned in the spring. The principal colour of the body was yellowish orange, but

* See "Art in Nature," *Mechanics*.

† *Ploceus texor*.

the wings and tail had a blackish ground. The younger bird had not the golden brown on the head till the end of the second year, from which it was supposed to be a female, as female birds look young for a longer time than males. The two birds were kept in the same cage, and lived at first on the best terms with one another. Having been observed in the spring to interweave chickweed into the wire of their cage, it was thought they wished to nestle; and on being supplied with fine rushes, they built a nest so capacious as entirely to conceal one of them. In the following year they renewed their labours; but the younger, which had now acquired its full plumage, was driven off by the other from the nest first begun. It, however, commenced one for itself in the opposite corner of the cage; but the elder continuing his persecution, the birds were separated. They went on working at their several buildings; but what was built one day was generally destroyed the next. It is said that one of them, having by chance obtained a bit of sewing silk, wove it among the wires; which being observed, more was given him, when the bird interlaced the whole, but very confusedly, so as to hinder the greater part of one side of the cage from being seen through.

Mrs. E.—Weaving is, indeed, a common process among foreign birds. One weaves a hemispherical structure of dry grass, the blades of which it winds round the adjacent branches of a tree;* another† constructs a neat conical hanging nest, which outwardly is formed of various light materials, bits of rotten wood, fibres of dry stalks of weeds, pieces of paper, commonly newspapers—so that some call it the “politician”—all interwoven with the silk of caterpillars; and, Vaillant has given us a description of a nest which is very beautiful. “In one of our journals,” he says, “through a wood of mimosas, in the country of the Caffres, my good Klaas discovered and brought me this nest, having seen and particularly observed a male and female tchitrec‡ occupied in constructing it. It is remarkable for its peculiar form, bearing a strong resemblance to a small horn suspended, with the point downwards, between two branches. Its greatest diameter was two inches and a half, and gradually diminishing towards the base. It would be difficult to explain the principle upon which such a nest had been built, particularly as three-fourths of it appeared to be entirely

* *Myiothera obsoleta*.

† *M. cantatrix*.

‡ *Muscicapa cristata*.

useless and idly made; for the part which was to contain the eggs, and which was alone indispensable, was not more than three inches from the surface. All the rest of this edifice, which was a tissue closely and laboriously woven of slender threads, taken from the bark of certain shrubs, seemed to be totally useless."—But in this remark he appears to have been too precipitate.

Mr. E.—I think so too, my dear: much remains yet to be discovered. To say that any thing is *useless* in the creation of God, is, therefore, not warranted by the knowledge of the traveller, or of any since his time. But an extract from Wilson will very appropriately close our recapitulation. "Almost the whole genus of orioles," says he, "belong to America, and, with a few exceptions, build pensile nests. Few of them, however, equal the Baltimore in the construction of these receptacles for their young, and in giving them, in such a superior degree, convenience, warmth, and security. For these purposes, he generally fixes on the high bending extremities of the branches, fastening strong strings of hemp or flax round two forked twigs, corresponding to the intended width of the nest; with the same materials, mixed with quantities

of loose tow, he interweaves or fabricates a strong, firm kind of cloth, not unlike the substance of a hat in its raw state, forming it into a pouch of six or seven inches in depth, lining it substantially with various soft substances, well interwoven with the outward netting; and, lastly, finishes with a layer of horse-hair, the whole being shaded from the sun and rain by a natural penthouse, or canopy of leaves. So solicitous is the Baltimore to procure proper materials for his nest, that, in the season of building, the women in the country are under the necessity of narrowly watching their thread that may chance to be bleaching; and the farmer, to secure his young grafts; as the Baltimore, finding the former and the strings that tie the latter so well adapted for his purpose, frequently carries off both: or should the one be too heavy, and the other too firmly tied, he will tug at them a considerable time before he gives up the attempt. Skeins of silk and hanks of thread have been often found, after the leaves were fallen, hanging round the Baltimore's nest, but so woven up and entangled, as to be entirely irreclaimable. Before the introduction of Europeans, no such material could have been obtained here; but with the sagacity of a good architect, he has improved

this circumstance to his advantage; and the strongest and best materials are uniformly found in those parts by which the whole is supported."

Mrs. E.—The process which has thus been illustrated appears to me very remarkable. In mechanical weaving, the weft, or cross thread, is passed between the warp, or straight threads, by means of a shuttle, which goes completely through; but a bird cannot use its bill in this manner, much less its body, which, in all known instances of weaver-birds, is far too bulky for the purpose. Yet,

"A God allowed, all other wonders cease."

It cannot be disputed, however, that birds and insects were the *first* weavers, nor that the process was the result of human invention, though practised long before by inferior creatures. Have you any question to ask, Emma? for I see you look as if one were just on your lip.

E.—What, mamma, are you going to do with that pretty little nest of the hedge-sparrow?

Mrs. E.—I will present it, my love, to you and Frederick, as the commencement of a museum of natural curiosities;—*there*—and papa and I will do what we can to fill it with wonders.

F.—O, mamma, we shall like that above all things. Thank you—*O thank you!*

THE ANT-EATER.*

A FABLE.

BY L. A. F.

" Little birds, that warble gaily ;
 Grasshoppers, that chirp so shrill ;
 Buzzing, humming insects many,
 Fluttering round this cooling rill ;
 Often have I long'd to fathom
 What ye say and what ye sing ;—
 But, till auroscopes are common,
 That I fear's a hopeless thing :

* The *Ant-eater* (a native of South America) chiefly in the woods, and hides itself under the leaves. Its manner of procuring its prey is one of the singular in all natural history. As its name implies lives entirely on ants and insects ; these, in the country where it is bred, are found in the greatest abundance, often build themselves hills five or six feet high, where they live in community. When this animal approaches an ant-hill, it creeps slowly forward, taking every precaution to keep itself concealed, till it comes within a proper distance of the place where it intends to make its banquet, lying closely along at its length, it thrusts forth its round red tongue (which is often two feet long) across the path of these busy insects, and there lets it lie motionless for several minutes together : the ants, considering it

“ Yet ’tis certain some have gathered,
From your tiny elocution,
Weighty, wise, and pithy lessons,
In an idiom Lilliputian.
Phedrus, Æsop, Gay, La Fontaine—
Would my ears like your’s were strong—
Gifted to interpret rightly
Murmured sounds of warbled song !”

Thus a poet, as he loitered,
Seeking subjects for his pen,
By a tinkling stream reclining,
(Idle rogues those rhyming men !)
But the coveted instruction,
In those mystic tongues around,
Comes it not to crown his wishes,—
Hark ! what means that treble sound ?

“ Mortal ! dost thou think that Wisdom
Speaks but with an oral voice ?
Hath she not untold resources
Courting each her prudent choice ?

piece of flesh, accidentally thrown before them, swarm upon it in great numbers ; but where they touch they stick ; covered with a slimy fluid, the ant-eater’s tongue, like bird-lime, entangles every creature that lights upon it : when a sufficient number is entrapped, the tongue retires. Oh, the destruction !

But, to please thy roving fancy,
Come with me, and claim thy prize,
Where the ant, to teach the sluggard,
All day long her labour plies.

“ Come ! for one just now is speaking—
Giving counsel, staid and sage,
To the eager race of young ones
Who her matron cares engage :
Take this tube, and hearken breathless—
Tones discreet are seldom loud,
Eloquence that flows most calmly
Most absorbs the raptured crowd.”

“ Children,” said the careful mother,
“ Once, like you, I sallied out
From our busy habitation,
Little recking what about ;
But the sun was hotly shining,
And ’tis good to labour then,
For you know *our* sapient brethren
Idle not like giant men.

“ Well, my children, on we travelled,
Sweetening toil by mutual aid,
Till, yon angled corner turning,
Sudden treasures were displayed ;

On our path there lay, unguarded,
Ruddy, tempting, large, and fresh,
For our whole republic's feasting,
Sweet, delightful piece of flesh !

“ In a moment it was settled,
All must pounce upon the prey —
‘ Strength united none can cope with,’
Said our leaders—‘ come away—
All deliberative waiting
Were but mockery of hope,
Vain traditions of our elders,
Shall they check a nation's scope ?’

“ Grieved was I that I was limping,
Having stumbled on a stone,
When I saw my agile comrades
Hastening on, and I alone ;
Grieved I was, and disappointed —
But my sorrow was *dismay*,
When the bait, with all upon it,
Rose from earth and died away !

“ Yes, my children, you'll believe me,
When I say these eyes beheld
Ants by scores of hundreds lifted,
By some viewless power impelled.

Waiting not examination,
Grasping bliss with hasty pride,
Thoughtlessly secure, they perished !
Galled and thwarted, I abide.

“ Oh ! beware, beware, my offspring,
Of allurements strange and fair —
‘ Look before you leap’ to catch them,
Lest some ambushed foe be there.
Whole communities may follow
Specious things to Ruin’s mouth—
Destruction yawns for thoughtless creatures—
Forth ! my dears, the sun is south.”

GIRLS I HAVE SEEN.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

" She minced each morsel into frustums fine,
And wondered much to see the ' creatures dine.' "

CRABBE.

AFTER the Christmas vacation of 1828, two carriages drove up at the same time to Wheatley Grove, the well-known establishment of Mrs. Hanson. From the first alighted a gentleman (Mr. Bettesford) and his two daughters; from the second, a middle-aged lady and her niece.

On entering the drawing-room, where Mrs. Hanson was seated in expectation of the parties in question, Laura and Jane Bettesford, with little attention to the mistress of the mansion, stared out of the windows, gazed vacantly at the pictures, and flung themselves in a hoidenish manner on the sofa; until their father rose to depart, when they rushed to his arms, hung round his neck, and began to cry so obstreperously as evidently to distress him exceedingly. After a few hurried words, indicative less of grief than shame, but claiming pity for his " motherless

girls," he tore himself away, and was therefore, for himself happily, out of hearing soon.

As the lady's conveyance also waited, she now claimed Mrs. Hanson's attention to her niece—Miss Rosa Trevors; a tall, thin, pale girl, who advanced with a mincing step, a demure, simpering countenance, and a changing complexion, indicating at once fear and pride, much self-importance, but also much bashfulness and constitutional weakness. Tear-drops were gathered in her downcast eyes, which Mrs. Hanson saw with pleasure, as a proof that, although her manners were unnaturally premature, her heart retained its affections; and knowing that grief, however expressed by the young, is always dispelled most easily by society, she hastened to introduce her new pupils to their future companions, and more especially to her assistants.

At the hour of dinner the new-comers were seated close to each other; the sisters, with vulgar curiosity, looking at all around them, and nodding to those they had formed acquaintance with; Miss Rosa, on the contrary, sitting bolt upright, drawing her frock closely towards her, as if afraid of contact with companions so boisterous, and holding her slender form to the extreme of perpendicularity, whilst her features really expressed

surprise and alarm at the quantity of victuals before her. After requesting a very *small* piece of meat, she began to cut it into morsels fitted for the bill of a swallow, which she conveyed to her mouth with so finnikin an air, that it was with difficulty any girl looking at her could forbear laughing. Their attention was, however, engrossed a good deal by the sisters, who ate voraciously for a short time, and contrived to make such a clatter with their forks, as tended to annoy Rosa exceedingly. She soon laid down her hands with a look of languor, became extremely pale; and, with Mrs. Hanson's permission, retired from the room, being evidently a little unwell, and not a little disgusted.

When the governess had retired, various comments took place among the young ladies, who pretty generally agreed that "Miss Rosa was a very disagreeable piece of affectation and conceit, whom they never should be able to like." They imitated her whispering answers, the sigh with which she concluded her sentences; drew up their heads, cast down their eyes, squared their elbows, and walked across the play-ground in measured steps; called her the "White Rose of York;" and, in their mirth, fully reconciled the two Bettesfords to school, which they declared

to be "quite different to what they had expected, and where they should be very soon happy."

One or two expressed considerable pity for the absentee; they said "the poor girl was an orphan, and had certainly been spoiled till she had become ill; and being used only to little dainty dishes, served up in a *little* quiet parlour, could not bear to see such a long table covered with smoking dishes of substantial food, and partaken of, *in some cases*, not in a very graceful manner."

"If I thought my eating spoiled the dinner of pretty Miss Nimmeny Pemmeny," said Jane, "I would eat every day more and more like a ploughboy."

"No, Jane, you would not," said Laura, blushing; "I am sure you have too good a heart for that."

"And in this house you would find that good manners *must* be observed," said an assistant.

Jane coloured, and recollected for the moment what she had been sent to school to learn; nevertheless, she continued to indulge a particular spleen towards Miss Rosa, whose formal, but really orderly and praiseworthy habits formed a painful contrast to her own.

In a short time it was discovered, that the shy,

odd child was uncommonly forward in her education, regular in her attention to all her duties, and so well drilled, notwithstanding her evident delicacy of constitution, that, despite of all which was *fine* and *lack-a-daisical* in her manners, she was likely to become a favourite with masters and teachers of every description. There were times, too, when her evident weakness awakened the pity and sympathy of her companions; but these emotions were only transitory; for although she offended no one, yet no one was her friend: they held her either as an object for ridicule, or a personage too grand and *outré* for the purposes of familiar intercourse. As she was really very pretty, and always exquisitely neat, she suggested to their minds the idea of a biscuit statue, which ought to be kept under a glass case to be looked at, but never to be touched.

It was yet observed by Mrs. Hanson, that whoever was poorly, or whoever was in disgrace, were objects of Rosa's attention. To the former she was very agreeable during the period of indisposition, on account of the quietness of her deportment; but the latter, being already imbued with the idea of her superior knowledge, and that she held herself on that account aloof in general, rarely seconded the effort she made

to restore them to comfort. Thus she lived a solitary life in a busy and social family; and although she became every day a little more like those around her, in the same way that the Misses Bettesford became more gentle and polished, yet an impression was made, which prevented her from becoming popular. *They* had gone through many quarrels, many troubles, before they were tamed; she had not, in any positive sense, either given or taken offence; yet she remained unloved and unappreciated by her young companions.

One day, as she was traversing a somewhat solitary path in the garden, she was surprised to see Jane Bettesford sitting in the corner of a little alcove, looking most earnestly upon a book which she held in her hand, and on which her tears were slowly dropping. It was so strange a thing to see the lively, blooming girl thus occupied, (the girl who was never weary of quizzing her, and from whose laughing eyes she had shrunk a thousand times), that she could not forbear to stand still and look at her.

“ Yes! it was Jane Bettesford, and she was evidently in distress.—She was a clever, sharp girl, but her carelessness often subjected her to reproof; and it might happen that something

was puzzling her?" In another moment Rosa Trevor was seated by her, and her arm was round her waist.

"Can I help you, Jane?" said a very gentle voice.

"If you can explain these verbs—these detestable reflective French verbs, I mean. Why my papa should want me to learn French, I cannot imagine. I abhor it above all things. Music I like—drawing I like; but this horrible French!"

"Never mind explaining your reasons for disliking it; let us look to the lesson—repeat your task."

Jane did so, mechanically but accurately; and Rosa entered fully into the feelings of one who had accomplished a task, without, however, realising an acquisition. In measured, but significant terms, she explained the nature and the peculiarity of reflective verbs; and a new light broke fully on the mind of Jane.

"I see it all—I see it exactly; how very foolish I was! I thought I should never comprehend it, and now it is all quite clear. Really, I am much obliged to you, Miss Trevor; you are very good-natured, Rosa. I shall say that as long as I live; and you are very clever, too.

I wonder what you were sent to school for? I can't imagine!"

"I was sent to school because my dear grand-mamma, who is dead and gone, had made me into a kind of a—a—fine lady; that is, a sort of a—a—a—little woman; and so my aunt thought that if I came amongst children I should become a child."

"How strange! now I and my sister were sent to school that we might be made into gentlewomen—well-behaved, orderly girls, and all that kind of thing."

"And very well it has answered; your sister is much improved since she came here, and that is no wonder; for she is a sensible girl, with a good disposition, and at a proper age for improvement."

"Yes, she is turned of fourteen, and ought to be steady; you and I are exactly of an age; but I am only a wild, silly girl, just as tall as you, but not a bit like you; and, till this very evening, I have never loved you, because I had no idea of your real goodness."

"Nor did I like you, Jane, till now; but, if you have a mind, I will be your friend, for I have no one here who cares for me; and, to tell you the truth, I am very—yes, *very* lonely. I

feel, indeed, that I am not like other children ; and that my dear aunt has parted with me to no purpose ; her whom I love so dearly—my only friend.”

As Rosa uttered the last words, she burst into tears ; and, to use Jane’s expression, “ cried heartily, like other people.” Their situations, of course, were now completely reversed, the comforted became the comforter ; and, being really moved by the pitiable appearance she wore, and flattered by the confidence reposed in her by a person of Rosa’s attainments, Jane not only exerted herself by every assurance and endearment in her power to console her new friend, but she inwardly resolved to render herself a more suitable companion for one so well-informed, and of so amiable a turn of mind. “ Poor thing !” said Jane to herself, as she kissed away Rosa’s tears, “ it is as natural for her to be too quiet, as it is for me to be too noisy. I used to call her proud ; but it grieves me to think she is in truth so humble.”

It was the surprise of the whole community, when they saw the great intimacy which took place between two girls more contrasted in character than any in the school ; and when Jane Bettesford became the constant apologist for the

peculiarities she was wont to ridicule, and the angry assertor of Rosa's real worth, she drew upon herself both remonstrance and ridicule, calculated to expose her own deficiencies in the most glaring manner. It was, however, soon discovered, that Jane Bettesford could now take a joke as well as give one; that she had ceased to fly into passions and say rude things: and her sister no longer was compelled to take charge of her property, for she put by her own books, and took care of her own clothes. Her drawing-master ceased to complain of ill-cut pencils and lost India rubber; and the music-master actually praised her attention in such a manner to Mrs. Hanson, that this good lady spoke of her progress in terms of high approbation.

"I am sure," said Jane, blushing, "if I have done any thing properly, it is all owing to Rosa Trevor. Laura has said so twenty times; and she is right. Indeed, every body knows that she hears me practise my lessons, that she looks over my exercises, that she pins my dress and makes me tidy, gives me the first sentence when I write letters; and, indeed, is quite a mother to me."

"Then Rosa certainly ought to share the praise you have earned—where is she?"

“ Skipping in the garden, ma’am.”

“ She told me she could not skip ?”

“ That was last winter, ma’am, when she first came ; but I have taught her, and now she is very fond of it. I never let her rest till I had made her a capital skipper ; for she was always cold and shuddery, and I knew that would warm her for all the day. Besides, she could eat no breakfast, and now she is quite hungry like the rest of us ; and a long walk used to fatigue her, but now she can walk, and run too, (if it were proper), as well as I can.”

“ Then, I trust, since she is become so accomplished,” said Mrs. Hanson, smiling, “ you have ceased to laugh at her ?”

Jane blushed still more, from recollection of her own former conduct, but she eagerly replied,

“ There is nothing, I am sure, to laugh at now-a-days in dear Rosa Trevor ; and it would be very foolish to call her the White Rose, when she has got such a colour. I think, indeed I am certain, we were all wrong in our conduct towards her, and I was the worst of all. But I do believe that she was not so agreeable then as she is now ?”

Jane pronounced the latter words doubtingly, and cast a deprecating look towards her governess.

“ I agree with you, my dear,” said Mrs. Hanson, “ though she had many estimable qualities ; and, from being always quiet, obedient, and polite, saved me much trouble which rude and thoughtless girls always give their friends, as you are now fully aware. We will, however, say nothing more on the subject at this time. I will only desire to see Rosa and you continue to cherish the affection you feel for each other.”

When the sisters had been two years under the care of Mrs. Hanson, their father came to take them home for their first holyday visit, as he lived at too great a distance to do it before. With feelings of exquisite delight he received the caresses of two elegant girls rising into early womanhood, endued not only with those pious principles it had been his care to inculcate early, but those wise habits of gentle speech and lady-like demeanour, without which even a good woman can never be an agreeable one, or perform her duties in society. From the contemplation of his own happiness in the improvement of his daughters, he was, by the entrance of Miss Trevor, called to witness her meeting with her niece ; who, like many others, was experiencing the pleasures of this joyful period.

"Is it possible," said he to Mrs. Hanson, "that the tall, blooming girl who so warmly welcomes her relative, can be the shadowy, trembling, yet vain child whom I saw here on my first arrival?"

"She is the same, and yet not the same, being then a very artificial personage; but, by grafting and training, we may now call her a natural flower, and a very sweet one."

"The change is more surprising than that which has taken place in my own daughters. Their faults were on the surface, and might be repressed, punished, and, in time, obliterated; but her peculiarities, though scarcely to be termed faults, seemed of a nature incurable."

"I have frequently found, in the course of my long experience, the errors of one party prove the correctives of another; it has been thus with this dear girl and your own youngest daughter. Jane, in the warmth of her heart, will tell you that she has made all her most valuable attainments through Rosa's unceasing care and instruction, and there will be truth in the assertion: but well has the lively girl repaid the obligation; since, in the buoyancy of her spirits, and the constancy of her attachment, she has imparted the playfulness and simplicity, and

also the gaiety of happy girlhood. The love of exhibition, the simper of constrained politeness, the sneer of contempt, together with pallid looks, nervous agitation, weak appetite, and deficient energy, are all effectually banished ; and her worthy sensible relative now embraces one who enjoys what Locke calls life's best blessing, 'a sound mind in a sound body.' By the same medium, I trust that loud voices, contradictory assertions, intrusive laughter, rustic uncouthness, and bold demeanour, will never more annoy me in Laura and Jane."

"There is little danger of a relapse into errors of that description with sensible girls, who have acquired the power of discrimination and the perceptions of good taste ; more especially when their affections are engaged not less than their understandings. I hope, indeed I trust, this will be the case ; since I can rely on all you tell me. Ah ! madam, how much do I and many others owe you ! none, indeed, can be more indebted than the three girls before us."

"Pardon me, sir : it is comparatively a light task to prune that which is luxuriant, and train that which is unseemly ; but there are cases where my duties are indeed tremendous. A deceitful nature in youth, or a child brought up in total

ignorance of religious obligation, are a thousand times worse to manage than any other. *These* girls had all hearts full of kindly feelings, and they all owned obedience to their heavenly Father ; and these principles of conduct, although not apparent, from the wildness of one party and the formality of the other, could be called into action beneficially."

" And most happily, dear madam, have they been so called upon ; for whatever virtues or dispositions to good previously existed in them, would otherwise have been unproductive, since rudeness no one can tolerate, and affectation every one abhors."

THE INDUSTRIOUS COTTAGER.

“Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight.”

GREEN.

SHE sits beside the cottage wall,
And works the while her sweet bird sings;
And eve, with gentle influence, brings
Light labour, tranquil mind, and all
Most pleasant thoughts of pleasant things.

So guileless is her gentle heart,
She dreams not even her bird will fly,
Though free to roam the earth and sky;
Its wicker dwelling set apart—
A home of peace and melody.

Content, they seek no better lot—
The one must work, the other sing;
Yet sweet the rest their labours bring:
Happy within the cage and cot,
While life is youth and earth is spring.



THE WOMAN

THE WOMAN

THE WOMAN

THE WOMAN

THE
190
AS
TILD
1908

Such is the picture Art has wrought
From Nature in her gentlest mood,
Where all is humble, pure, and good ;
Skilled in the lore that she has taught—
By all enjoyed and understood.

Go, tread the haunts of loftier bliss—
Grow weary of the crowded hall,
The dance till day in fashion's thrall ;
Then think upon a scene like this,
That saddens not, that cannot pall.

S. C. H.

TO A YOUNG BROTHER,

ON HIS REQUESTING ME TO WRITE HIM TWO POEMS;
ONE ON HIS CANARY, THE OTHER ON MY GOING TO
BOMBAY.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

Ay, so it is in every brain,—
Extremes of thought and wish are blended;
And something which awakens pain,
By something gay is oft attended.
The great events that checker life,
May be to trifles nearest neighbours;
An opera's fate—a nation's strife—
But best to prove it, read the papers.

What is a trifle? 'tis a thing
We all are arrogant in chiding;
Yet each in turn, from child to king,
Are prone to take exceeding pride in.
What is a trifle? 'tis a word
That in its meaning strangely varies;
Thus, what I deem a common bird,
Frank holds the King of all Canaries!

What is a trifle ?—That, to one,
Which may *my* heart and spirit rife;
Whilst what you eager seek or shun,
May *I*, serenely, call a trifle.
Thus recklessly we scatter forth
Our judgment on each other's pleasure,
Forgetting that full half the worth
Of life lies in opinion's measure.

Then let none blame thee, dearest boy,
That in thy last request are mingled
A trial sore—a feathered toy,
And that the last as first is singled.
A health, then, to thy pretty bird,
And though 'tis not a first-rate singer,
Long may its merry voice be heard,
Long may it peck both food and finger !

May never cat, with stealthy paw,
Approach too near its wire defender ;
Nor newer pet, with beak and claw,
Prove how short-lived a favourite's splendour.
No ; love him when, for glossy gold,
Grey, ragged plumes might tempt to laughter ;
If constant to your pets, I hold
You'll faithful be in friendships after.

Farewell! I've rhymed your bird; and tho
This only *half* your wish rehearses,
Forgive it—ten years hence you'll know
The *other's* not a theme for verses.

THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

THE voice of praise—how sweet its tone
Sounds to the youthful ear,
When by attentive zeal 'tis won,
And heard from lips sincere!
Whene'er my valued friends reprove,
A sigh their grief conveys;
But ever with a smile of love,
They breathe the Voice of Praise.

Oh, then, this precious boon to gain,
Let me, unceasing, try
Fresh stores of knowledge to attain
By patient industry!
Such treasures future life shall cheer,
And win, in childhood's days,
From parents and instructors dear,
The welcome Voice of Praise.

MISTAKES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN IN SEARCH OF A
DAUGHTER."

EMMA FORTESCUE was a very clever, lively girl of fourteen, equally assiduous and advanced in her education, affectionate in her disposition, and pleasing in her manners—like many young people, dear reader, of our mutual acquaintance. Her panegyric, like theirs, must be qualified with a "*but* ;" and truth obliges me to confess she was rash in judging, and prone to all the misconceptions inseparable from such a temper. Her parents had often pointed out to her its errors and inconveniences, but in vain ; and being somewhat of our opinion, that it is purchased experience which is alone valuable, they awaited patiently an opportunity of allowing her to earn it for herself.

It presented itself sooner than they had hoped. Emma Fortescue was parting, on the afternoon of a summer holyday, with a favourite companion ; something, no doubt of much importance in school-room politics, had been discussed during

the visit, for Emma, as she stood shading her eyes from the low afternoon sun, on the steps at her father's door, called after her friend, " Well, Louisa ! you will see I am right. I am not often mistaken."

Mr. Fortescue, who, unobserved by the young people, was pruning away the exuberance of the honeysuckles around his porch, heard this ebullition of youthful confidence, and treasured it up for future application ; and when, some days afterwards, Emma availed herself of uncommon success in her studies, to enforce the darling object of her heart, the possession of a certain dapple-gray pony, which her father had half-promised to buy for her own riding, he said, in his usual good-humoured vein of raillery, " Emma, I know you pique yourself on your sagacity ; I hereby promise to buy for you Farmer Kettering's pony, on the first Saturday when you shall have proved, to my satisfaction, that you have not been mistaken during the week. I do not mean to include errors in the course of your studies, as they are inseparable from your state of necessary ignorance ; but false judgments on persons or events in life. I must put you on honour, as I have only yourself for an inquisitor over your thoughts : but, indeed, it is seldom you confine

them to your own bosom, and we shall read your mistakes, if there are any, on your countenance."

Emma looked at his, to see if her father was in jest or earnest, and knew him too well to be mistaken *there*; especially when she saw him take out of his pocket-book, and deliberately transfer to his writing-desk, a couple of ten-pound notes, saying, "Here is the price of your pony." This was proof positive indeed; thus, to be mistress of darling Dapple depended on herself alone. But though satisfied—and she had good reason to be so—with the sacredness of the deposit, she felt as if it would "make assurance doubly sure," to have the tempting notes in her own possession, beyond the possibility of being diverted from their enchanting object by some vile household claims of butcher, baker, or tax-gatherer. "Besides," thought, and indeed said, Emma, "I am apt to forget myself, and looking at the money every now and then (as I shall be sure to do) will keep me in mind of my wager, and make it impossible for me to commit any blunder."

"I wish you may not be making one now, Emma," said her father gravely, "in supposing the notes as safe in your giddy hands as my staid, sober ones: but the money is yours, until

forfeited by a whole month of mistakes ; so take it and treasure it, as you value Dapple."

Emma tripped off gaily, anticipating the delights of her approaching canter. She flew to release from its durance in a large old lumber-chest in the garret her last year's riding-habit ; gave a sigh to its antiquated appearance, and by indefatigable search among the miscellaneous contents of the trunk, succeeded in disinterring a piece of left cloth—the very thing to smarten and modernise it.

"That was a clever rummage of mine, mamma, was it not?" cried Emma, running breathless into her mother's room. "Jane wanted me to give this bit of cloth for a jacket to little Jem Wilson, and called me stingy for refusing ; but I was right, you see, as I often am, for it will make my habit as good as new again."

"What are you going to do with a habit, Emma?" asked her mother, all this time ignorant of the bargain with papa ; and when let into the joyful secret, she could not forbear shaking her prophetic head and saying, "There need be no hurry in sending for the tailor, Emma ; the fashion may change before you want his services."

"Don't say so, mamma !" cried Emma, half-alarmed by her mother's habitual sagacity ; "it

is surely no hard matter to keep from mistakes for one short week of one's life !”

“ If it were fair to begin and count *to-day*, when you are so wild with thoughts of Dapple, I should put down that speech to papa's side of the account immediately. You never were more mistaken in your life—and that (with a good-humoured smile) is saying a good deal ! Go to your lessons in the mean time, and compose yourself, else you will do nothing but commit blunders all day.”

“ Oh, but papa says *lesson* blunders are not to count ; besides, I am sure I shall not be silly enough to make any on account of a pony.”

What share the pony had in it, Emma would never directly allow ; but that day was marked in the annals of the school-room with a large, ugly, cabalistical-looking letter *B*. A bad pen, or some such convenient cause, made seventeen faults of grammar and spelling in a French letter to grand-mamma ; an inkstand, which nobody threw down, chose to make a summerset over a delicate piece of embroidery ; and a pet bird, second only to Dapple in the former affections of its mistress, was found gasping, and all but famished, in the bottom of its cage. These, of course, were by no means blunders, only acci-

dents ; and they were not carried to account accordingly.

“ Mamma ! may I send for the tailor now ? ” cried Emma triumphantly, on Saturday afternoon, when, her lessons being over for the day, she had leisure to contemplate, for the tenth time, her antediluvian habit ; the jacket of which she stood contemptuously twirling on her finger, in ridicule of its short waist and obsolete lappels. “ And, mamma (her generosity awakened by her approaching success), I can make little Jem Wilson happy after all, without spoiling my habit. This old jacket will fit him nicely, and save all trouble in making up. He is weeding the shrubbery, so I’ll call him in, and give it him directly.”

She was opening the window for the purpose, when her mamma said quietly, “ You had better wait till evening, when the child’s day’s work is over ; else, depend upon it, my flower-plats will suffer as much as your lessons did, the day papa first promised you Dapple. I shall have half my annuals pulled up in Jem’s transports, if once he gets a glimpse of those gay gilt buttons ! ” But Emma was not to be reasoned with, and exclaiming, “ Oh, mamma ! it is not like you, to put off making any one happy ; ” off she set, with

the jacket bundled up under her arm, in quest of its future owner. This boy, an idle little urchin of some eight or nine years' old, paid about as much attention to Emma's lectures to mind his work, and leave alone the jacket till evening, as she had done to her mamma's advice to defer her present till then. No sooner was his benefactress's back turned, than down went hoe and rake ; and running round the house to a back approach, towards which no windows looked, on went the beautiful garment, which—Emma being large and stout of her age—hung about little Jem pretty much after the fashion of a dandy lancer's. To part with it, even for a moment, was a hard trial. But the sun was yet high, the drawing-room windows open, and longer absence from his post out of the question ; so, slinking sily, as if from an opposite quarter, to his late retreat, Jem fell to work again, just as mischievously as Mrs. Fortescue had anticipated. Many were the stalks of larkspur, heart's-ease, and mignonette, which found their way into the weeding-basket, under the malign influence of the imp of the bottle-green jacket ! Mrs. Fortescue's timely interposition saved some of her favourites ; but Emma's indiscreet haste cost her mamma half the beauty of her parterres, her

protégé half the wages of his day's labour, and herself a week's postponement of the possession of darling Dapple.

Among other mistakes into which Emma in the course of the business had fallen, was that of imagining she should be always looking at the two ten-pound notes, which papa had somewhat incautiously, though reluctantly, intrusted to her keeping. Whether from being engrossed with bright anticipations, or feeling conviction "strong as Holy Writ" in the promise of papa, or being wholly unaccustomed to take charge of any thing, she never thought of them at all, till about the close of the second week of her probation, when Mr. Fortescue came in, looking rather grave and annoyed, and said, "Emma, my dear! I am sorry to rob you, even for a day; but a disagreeable person, to whom I do not wish to be for a moment indebted, has written to demand the costs of a law-suit he engaged me in, without my knowledge, and which I want to get out of as soon as possible. Can you venture to trust me till Saturday with the two ten-pound notes you have laid up, I doubt not, in lavender?"

"Oh, to be sure, papa!" would have been Emma's ready answer; and he expected to see her bound with her usual alacrity in quest of her

treasure. But "where was it to be found?" was the question which checked Emma's frank reply, and tied her usually nimble feet together. From the moment that papa put them into her unpractised hands, Emma had no recollection of ever having seen the notes; and if they were laid up in lavender, it might as well be in the garden as elsewhere, for aught she could tell to the contrary. She ran, or rather stumbled out of the room, and ransacked her repositories rather with the desperate hope of Cinderella, when she called on her fairy godmother, than any rational expectation of finding what she had never put away. One might as well at any time search for a needle in a haystack, as for lost goods in Emma's heterogeneous repositories; nor did the voice of papa, calling rather impatiently for the money, at all brighten her efforts to recollect when or where she last saw it.

There was no alternative but going down and confessing her carelessness. To put papa to inconvenience, to be laughed at, and probably seriously reprimanded by both parents, was bad enough. But poor Emma felt in addition, that for *this week*, at least, should his price be even recovered, there could be for her no Dapple!

The tailor had, in the mean time, been sent for,

some miles off, in consequence of her childish impatience ; so she had to endure the misery of being measured for her habit, just as visions of ever requiring it were beginning to fade even from her sanguine mind.

She was so dreadfully cast down by the loss of the money, that her parents said very little about it ; her mother only gravely hoping that Providence would direct the windfall, either where it would be honestly returned, or, if the right owner should be unknown, beneficially employed.

It then, for the first time, occurred to Emma that somebody *must* have found the notes ; for every quarter of the house had by this time been searched, and such a degree of order (thanks to this salutary misfortune !) had come out of confusion, in every corner of her drawers and boxes, that not a pin could have escaped notice.

Mrs. Fortescue had lately got home a new maid, a middle-aged, hard-featured, austere-looking person, whose sharp manners and reserved ways made her no favourite with Emma, whose too-indulgent former nurse she had succeeded in her present situation. As Emma more than half suspected that Lovell had lost her place for denying her nothing, and letting her do

nothing for herself, she could not help looking with an evil eye on Cox, who seldom had time to help her in any way, scarcely even to give her an answer.

It was therefore with a mixture of fear and dislike, which made her manner not particularly gracious, that she abruptly asked this formidable damsel if she had happened to see a couple of ten-pound notes lying about her room? Mrs. Cox fixed her little sharp black eyes on Emma, as if not quite sure whether she had heard right, and then gruffly answered, "Not I, indeed, miss! and if I had, the first thing I should have done would have been to carry them to my lady."

"You need not be so cross, Cox," said Emma, half-crying at the affront implied in the Abigail's answer; "nobody asked what you would have done with them, but only if you had seen them."

The absence of the notes cost Mr. Fortescue a ride in the rain to the nearest bank, to satisfy his "disagreeable" creditor. The consequence was a bad cold; and Emma, every time he coughed, wished herself, and all the world—even Dapple—at the bottom of the sea.

A week had sadly elapsed, all whose minor mistakes seemed swallowed up in the great one

under which Emma was smarting, when on the Saturday, while Mrs. Fortescue was paying her maid her first month's wages, she said to her (a that considerate mistress did to every new servant who came under her roof), "I hope you are aware of the excellent institutions called Savings' Banks; whatever you may lay by in my service I shall be glad, at any time, to deposit there for you."

Cox, a staid sober person, who had just buried an elderly mistress before she came to Mrs. Fortescue, thanked her lady; and saying she had by her a matter of twenty pounds, went to fetch it immediately.

It certainly did startle even the unsuspecting mind and dispassionate nature of Mrs. Fortescue to observe, that of the two ten-pound notes which this comparative stranger laid on the table before her, *one* was decidedly her daughter's, as she knew by the numbers she had copied from her husband's pocket-book, when stopping the note at the bank.

"How came this particular note into your possession, Cox?" said she, quite mildly and quietly; "I think it is one I have seen before."

"I scarce think that, ma'am," answered Cox with rather more than her usual sharpness; "fo

I had it in change of a pedlar at the door, within these ten days ; and no one up stairs bought any thing of him, nor indeed did I, but only got him to give me two smaller notes for the twenty-pound one my poor late mistress left me in her will."

" I dare-say you are right, Cox ; there must be some mistake," said her lady calmly, unwilling to hurt lightly either the feelings or reputation of a servant. But Emma, when she overheard her mother mentioning it to Mr. Fortescue, burst out into a perfect torrent of conjectures and suspicions, founded on nothing more certain or amiable than her unlucky dislike to the new maid. That Cox was the thief, admitted not in her eyes of a doubt ; and instead of the diffidence and caution with which religion and experience had taught her parents to " judge as they would be judged" of others, she not only thought, but thought *aloud* on the subject of Cox's delinquency.

This was more than the high spirit of the damsel could brook, and she gave up her place immediately, requesting that every thing belonging to her might be searched, and announcing that she should remain in the neighbourhood till all was cleared up. Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue saw in this

the dignity of conscious rectitude ; Emma only deep art, or hardened depravity.

“ You’ll be sorry, miss,” said Cox, as she left the house, “ when your note is found, to have said an ill word of an innocent woman ; but you’re very young, and God will forgive you, as I do.” These few words quite melted Emma, and she would have urged her mother to take back her maid ; but while the mystery continued unexplained, Mrs. F. said it was better all should remain as it was.

Mr. F., meanwhile, as an active magistrate, equally desirous to acquit innocence and convict guilt, took steps to trace the pedlar from whom the note had so mysteriously come. But before he could be laid hold of, a circumstance occurred which completely exculpated poor Cox, and threw a strong light on the hawker’s share in the transaction.

Emma was walking one day rather disconsolately across the common, where she had looked forward to so many a charming canter, when she bethought herself of calling on Goody Wilson, the mother of little Jem—the only person of her acquaintance who, during the last sad three weeks, had enjoyed unalloyed happiness, in the shape of a green jacket. But unalloyed

happiness Emma began to suspect was no where to be found ; for, partly to punish her boy for neglecting his work for the garment, and partly because she had never found time to alter it as it required, the talismanic jacket had remained locked up, very snugly, since the evening little Jem brought it home. It looked so crumpled, that Emma, out of regard for an old friend, could not help smoothing and shaking it a little ; and in so doing, out fell from one of the sleeves — one of her missing ten-pound notes.

The whole affair was now as clear as daylight. Jem was called in, and confessed having tried on the jacket in the back-approach to the house. The pedlar, finding he could not help it, confessed having picked up on the very spot the note, which he was too happy to get rid of to Mrs. Cox. She, poor soul ! was brought back in triumph by the weeping Emma. Dapple, earned by a three months' abstinence from rash judgments — of fellow-creatures especially — was in due time purchased ; and whenever in after-life Emma felt tempted to think uncharitably of others, or presumptuously of herself, she would check herself, at the recollection of her youthful " mistakes."

LADY JANE GREY.

BY MISS LESLIE, OF PHILADELPHIA.

[These stanzas were suggested by C. R. Leslie's picture of "Lady Jane Grey's reluctance to accept the crown of England."]

“ OH ! not for me—oh ! not for me,
 That fatal toy of gems and gold—
 Blood on its ermine band I see
 And thorns are in its velvet fold.

“ To me that glittering circlet seems
 A burning ring to sear my brow ;
 To me that shining sceptre gleams
 The axe to which our heads shall bow.

“ And shew me not th' unjust decree
 Extorted from a timid boy ;
 Nor deem that it can bring to me
 One throb of pride, one glow of joy.

“ Dark visions pass before my eyes—
 Prophetic warnings whisper round ;
I see the sable scaffold rise—
 I see our life-blood stain the ground.

“ And shall not I, in that dread hour,
 Confess the justice of my fate ?—
I, who usurped another’s power,
 I, who assumed another’s state ?

“ Let me the shaded pathway keep,
 Remote from wild ambition’s glare ;
Nor lead me up the dizzy steep,
 For clouds and storms are gathering there.”

She said—and nerved her gentle soul
 To hear, unmoved, the syren song ;
Nor let her kindred’s schemes control
 Her sense of right, her fear of wrong.

Their prayers th’ ambitious fathers join ;
 Her sire, and he of haughtiest mien,
The chief of Dudley’s lofty line,
 Knelt at her feet, and hail’d her queen !

And she, that dame of regal grace,
 Proud Suffolk’s duchess, grasped her hand,
And gazed imploring on her face,
 With eyes still longing to command.

Vainly they tried each specious art,
Each sophistry of anxious zeal,
Till the young partner of her heart
Made to her love a fond appeal.

She yielded then—and who shall blame
The youthful lord's exulting tone,
When soon the herald's loud acclaim
Announced them heirs of England's throne

Dim was their star, and short their hour,
And weak their friends, and fierce their
foes ;
And captives soon to Mary's power,
Nor voice nor hand to save them rose.

There, where their transient court had shone
In Cæsar's towers of awful fame,
The hapless pair resigned their throne,
And there their bloody death-hour came.

She died—that glory of her age—
As never Roman heroine died ;
And Britain's history has no page
More dear to British woman's pride.

A SEARCH AFTER FUN.

BY ISABEL HILL.

"GET along, you little hypocrite!" my old governess used to say to me; "in spite of your pale face and quiet ways, you have more mischief in you than the greatest romp of my school."

The good soul did but jest; what she meant was, that though I found little diversion in boisterous unmeaning games, yet a bit of truly humorous sport would rouse me from my musing fits at any time.

I had been bred among elder brothers, who, resolved that I should share their studies and amusements, met me half way, and accommodated both their tasks and plays to my inclination and ability, whenever it so happened that my taste excelled or my powers fell short of their own. Thus, though a delicate child, I was a great walker; though, I hope, a modest girl, I was perfectly fearless; and though very fond of serious reading, I doated on the occasional excitement of *a search after fun*.

Few more attentive hearers sat beneath the

Rev. George Wilkins on Sundays ; few more awed listeners hung on the music of our cathedral service. I knelt as regularly as I awoke, to pay my duty to God, and blessed him, as naturally as I breathed, whenever I was alone amid the beautiful works of his hand. Still, in my ignorance, I supposed that fun, while controlled by good-will towards my fellow-creatures must be harmless ; and I must do myself the justice to say, that nobody took the right way of convincing me how much I was in error.

There was a man in the parish of St. Michael's, which extends over the hills on one side of Bristol, who was looked on as a great character, quite an original. He had, in his youth, married an industrious, kind-hearted woman, and been himself a hard-working person ; yet, earn what they might, they could save nothing—scarcely keep themselves decently clad—all their profits were literally *swallowed up* before they came. Thomas, from his birth, had indulged an enormous appetite, and thought all those who checked it his enemies ; so that at thirty he remained, on this one point, as disgustingly selfish as a mere animal. Among the inconsiderate wags of our neighbourhood, the quantities of meat he could consume gave him a kind of celebrity—very dangerous, as fame gene-

rally is—as it *ought* always to prove, if not founded on useful and benevolent exertions. At last they betted on his devouring a whole leg of mutton at a meal, and offered him a reward for attempting what, even at the risk of punishment, he was but too ready to undertake.

I wish some of my young friends could have seen him! Yet, let them not suppose that this uneducated glutton looked more like a hog than would a handsome, well-dressed boy or girl, if thus forgetting moderation, over the most elegantly served dainties. The fault would but be the greater in one who had been *taught* that the blessings of life may, by misuse, be turned to curses.

The wager was won; but the longest impunity should not be too oft presumed on. A surfeit was the consequence; and the offender at last rose from his sick bed, looking quite an old man, bereft of his reason and his hearing, with the name of “Leg-o’-mutton Tom” tacked to him for ever. Now, as I seldom cared to dine at all, I used to cite this case, as a warning to those of my family who did more justice to our fare. How often have I *hemmed* “Calf’s-head George!” or even “Mother Goose!”—for I was too apt to take liberties with my elders. The loss of Tom’s

wits, such as they were, turned out a less heavy misfortune to his wife, however, than might have been feared; but that was no excuse for him. The parish made an allowance for his support; she kept his clothes neat, and let him wander from house to house, with a bag at his back. If any one gave him money, he carried it home to her; but whatever food he obtained during the day, it rarely proved more than just enough to sustain him till supper-time. I had not seen the creature, when my brother John awakened my curiosity by the following description.

“ Oh, Bell! fancy a short, meagre, pale, large-boned fellow, with a mouth like an oven; he wears nothing but black, knows by rote every epitaph in the church-yard, where he sometimes helps the sexton’s people, and quotes Scripture on all occasions: but his great delight is what he calls ‘the fine preaching weather;’ then, sure of a congregation, he acts rector, curate, and clerk himself, goes through the whole service, sings the charity children’s responses, imitates the organ, and finishes with a sermon; at the end of which, in the open fields, any day of the week, he says, ‘this is charity Sunday, and a collection at the doors.’ I have often held my hat to gather pence for the comical monster;

he could not have been half so funny before he was a lost mutton. He did not deserve pity, at worst, and now he don't need it ; for none of the boys tease him, because, if he *could* be provoked, he would be very dangerous ; but he is grateful to any body who will let him talk."

I grew anxious for a specimen of Tom's powers ; not thinking myself wrong, either in jesting on sacred subjects, or drawing amusement from the infirmity of another. The prospect of a ranting, canting discourse, from the huge mouth of a deaf, mad, gormandising grave-digger, half turned my giddy brain ; and one day, as I had just arrayed myself in some new spring finery, and was walking the grove, with the *Pleasures of Hope* in my hand, Master Abrahams, the son of a rich Jew, and Miss Desmond, a pretty Roman Catholic, ran past me, saying, earnestly, "The preacher! he's going to hold forth!"

At last, then, the moment had arrived when I should see and hear the mighty mutton-eater in all his glory. I followed my young neighbours into the park, and beheld a group of them standing about a clump of trees. Laughing by anticipation, I hurried on. They made way for me ; and, in an instant, all my feelings were changed so entirely, that you will wonder I did not

turn back, till I tell you why I could not help staying. I saw a spare old man in black, but no "Leg-o'-mutton Tom." Silver hair slightly shaded his placid brow; his cheerful blue eyes glanced round with holy fondness, and his sweet voice blessed us. I had seen him before, and knew his story.

Bundy had been an humble cooper, but the purity of his life raised him to the respect of all ranks. He was a follower of John Wesley, and still, in spite of age and weakness, he went about doing good. When a criminal was to be executed, he would gain permission from the Ordinary of our jail to pray with him to the last; and, entering the cart with the felon, so occupy his spirit by images of mercy, that the crowd who followed them, for the long way between the prison and the place of death, might gaze and shout in vain; the sinner listened but to those soft accents, looked but on that apostolic countenance, was alive only to hope beyond the grave. As I thought of all this, and remembered the purpose for which I came, I felt more abashed than if I had found myself as suddenly in the presence of a king.

"I must confess," said Miss Desmond frankly, "that I did not expect to find you, sir; but

since we have come"—she courtesied, as if implying, "Do say something!" The kind Bundy smiled, and patting her shoulder, said, in his own lively, unaffected way,

"It has pleased our Maker, my child, to give thee a fair face. Remember, he expects thy soul to shine still more brightly; for the beauty within, which defieeth age and death, will give a charm to the homeliest. I often meet thy good priest, Father Plowden; as sincere servants of *His* hath said, 'What if a man give away his whole substance in alms, and lacketh charity, it shall avail him nothing.' There's a riddle for ye! and your right guess will be—that the charity which thinketh no evil is charity indeed. 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have will I give unto thee.' The poorest of us have the power of serving our kind, by pardoning, forbearing, returning good for ill, and pleasing God, by doing our duty towards our neighbour. Ah! little Abrahams, I know those dark eyes; you are the son of an honest man—tell him I have chatted to you, that I 'gave not strong meat unto babes,' but spoke only of the hand which made us all; 'for how can ye love God, whom you have not seen, if you love not your

father, whom you have seen ?' There's one among ye with a look of sense beyond her years. Let her bear in mind that, ' unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain ;' that wit, learning, and manners, though comely and commendable in one who heartily desires Him to keep her mind, are, without that grace, but temptations to vanity and to passion. Reason in vain would strive to preserve the peace of those who lay not up their treasures in His kingdom, where to be righteous is to be great. Rely not on rewards or praises here ; a dependence on His Providence will sustain ye, in sickness and in poverty. Believe me, the truest pleasures are those which fortune cannot buy, the joys of friends ' who dwell together in harmony.' As there is no one without cause for contrition, entreat your judge to strengthen your resolutions for amendment ; and all-wise, just, and powerful as He is, ye will find in him a parent's goodness. But penitence, though never too late, can never begin too soon. If our consciences are dead to small trespasses, they will, by degrees, be reconciled to great ones. The other day I entered the cell of one condemned to die ; he shrunk from me, crying fiercely, ' Why are *you* here ? I know you must hate the sight of me !' Now, something so

unlike hate was at my heart, that I felt I ought to speak well and wisely to this brother-mortal ; but love was stronger than knowledge. I clasped his hand, and burst out weeping ; those tears did more than words. The first thing he said was, ‘ Then I may dare tell you all. I began as a child, with petty thefts, falsehoods, malice, and violence ; as a youth I was idle, extravagant, intemperate ; and—you see the end ! ’ Ye dear children, here, in God’s lovely world, ye may think that this cannot apply to your states ; but I would save ye from every fault, every sorrow ; though, if I could, this earth would grow too dear to ye ; but even the troubles the Almighty sends are ‘ blessings in disguise ; ’ turn them to useful lessons, and the patience they teach will give life a relish to the last, while it robs death of its terrors. Accustom yourselves to think that ye may be called to part from all you love, ay, even without a moment’s preparation, ye will be the more loth to displease or grieve your parents, teachers, brothers, sisters, playmates, the aged, and the poor ! Ye will be resigned to that awful but inevitable change, from constantly feeling that there is a home, ‘ where partings come not, where all tears are wiped away ! ’ ”

He ceased, and, for a few seconds, we were

They are not worth my keeping now—
She flung them on the ground—
Some strewed the earth, and some the wind
Went scattering idly round.
She then thought of those flowers no more,
But oft, in after-years,
When the young cheek was somewhat pale,
And the eyes dim with tears—
Then she recalled the faded wreath
Of other happier hours,
And felt life's hope and joy had been
But only Hothouse Flowers.

L. E. L.



LONDON:

J. MOYES, CASTLE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.







the 'information' and 'communication' fields. The 'information' field is defined as:

...the study of the processes of information production, distribution, access, use and control, and the study of the social, cultural, economic and political contexts in which these processes take place. (p. 10)

The 'communication' field is defined as:

...the study of the processes of communication production, distribution, access, use and control, and the study of the social, cultural, economic and political contexts in which these processes take place. (p. 10)

The 'information science' field is defined as:

...the study of the processes of information production, distribution, access, use and control, and the study of the social, cultural, economic and political contexts in which these processes take place. (p. 10)

The 'information studies' field is defined as:

...the study of the processes of information production, distribution, access, use and control, and the study of the social, cultural, economic and political contexts in which these processes take place. (p. 10)

The 'information science' field is defined as:

...the study of the processes of information production, distribution, access, use and control, and the study of the social, cultural, economic and political contexts in which these processes take place. (p. 10)

The 'information studies' field is defined as:

...the study of the processes of information production, distribution, access, use and control, and the study of the social, cultural, economic and political contexts in which these processes take place. (p. 10)

The 'information science' field is defined as:

...the study of the processes of information production, distribution, access, use and control, and the study of the social, cultural, economic and political contexts in which these processes take place. (p. 10)

The 'information studies' field is defined as:

...the study of the processes of information production, distribution, access, use and control, and the study of the social, cultural, economic and political contexts in which these processes take place. (p. 10)